

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## Things in General

HON. R. W. SCOTT, Secretary of State in the Laurier Government, has given the "Globe" his opinion of Mr. Justice MacMahon's decision, which, with its consequences, was examined at length last week. He contends, in a statement over a column in length, that if the decision is upheld it will be a violation of the British North America Act. If the decision is appealed to the highest tribunal of the Empire and is there upheld, it seems to me it will be because it is NOT in violation of the B. N. A. Act, but a proper interpretation of it. Mr. Scott, while admitting that "it would no doubt meet with more general approval if the members of the Order (Christian Brothers) submitted to the examination prescribed by the Department of Education," maintains that as they "have from a religious motive adopted the vocation of teaching, and are educated for that special purpose, it may be presumed that they are qualified up to the particular grade they are soon to teach." This assumption would have to be made either in ignorance or contempt of the report made less than ten years ago by Separate School Inspector White, unanimously upheld by special Commissioners Ryan, Scott and Tilley—appointed by the Ontario Government—and acted upon by the Ottawa Separate School trustees to the extent of dismissing the Christian Brothers from teaching positions in the Capital. This should be sufficient to dispose of Hon. Mr. Scott's assumption.

Hon. Mr. Scott quotes the original law passed in 1863, upon section 13 of which Mr. Justice MacMahon based his decision, and states that it continued to be the law at the time of Confederation, a portion of that document reading as follows: "In and for each province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject and according to the following provisions:

"(1) Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the Province at the union.

"(2) All powers, privileges and duties at the union, by law conferred and imposed in Upper Canada on the Separate Schools and school trustees of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects, shall be and the same are hereby extended to the dissenting schools of the Queen's Protestant and Roman Catholic subjects in Quebec." Mr. Scott says, "Christian Brothers undoubtedly belong to a class of persons who at the time of the union had the privilege of teaching in Catholic Separate (denominational) schools without previous examination. The trustees of Catholic Separate schools at the time of the union had certainly the privilege of engaging Christian Brothers as teachers." In clause 1 of the quotation from the B. N. A. Act the "class of persons" evidently refers to those possessing the schools, not to those teaching in them, while in section 13 of the Separate School Act of 1863 "persons," and not a "class of persons," refers to the teachers.

Hon. Mr. Scott, who is one of the fathers of the Separate School Act, refers at considerable length to the discussion which occurred at the time the law was passed, and quotes extracts from the "Globe's" report of the debate of the 13th and 14th of March, 1863, but it seems to me fails in his effort to show that the intention of the bill was to make permanent the indefinite permit allowing members of a religious order to teach in the schools of that time without passing a Government examination. In reading what is quoted one cannot but regret that the late John Hillyard Cameron did not have his way; that Dr. Ryerson was not more definite in the statement of his purpose, and that John A. Macdonald, then untitled, was so ready to compromise in acquiescing Mr. Scott's amendment. "It yielded half and the House ought to yield the other half." The quotation made by Mr. Scott from the "Globe" of the 14th of March seems to prove little more than that the bishops have steadfastly followed and are still following an exceedingly definite if not, to non-Catholics, acceptable programme: "The aim of the Hierarchy is brought out very clearly by this (Mr. Scott's) amendment. They evidently mean to use our money for the purpose of planting their semi-clerical teachers, trained in Lower Canada, throughout every section of the Upper Province. These people can live on a pittance on which an ordinary teacher would starve." This quotation very well sums up the probable views of Mr. Grattan, who brought the suit which resulted in Mr. Justice MacMahon's decision. In conclusion Mr. Scott referred "to the practice of the courts in often giving too strict an interpretation to the language used in the statutes, instead of being guided by the manifest object the Legislature had in view. From the time the Separate Schools Act was passed—now over forty years ago—up till the recent decision, the right of the trustees of Separate schools to appoint Christian Brothers and Nuns who are members of the teaching orders, as teachers, has never been challenged, and it does seem rather regrettable that at this late date the question should have now to be seriously considered by the courts."

What seems to me to be more regrettable than the thrashing out in the courts now of this sectarian subject, is that the Separate School Act was ever passed, creating unnecessary and acute controversial issues. It was popular with few but the Hierarchy when enacted. The inharmonious union of the two provinces made the situation so chronically critical that improper and time-serving compromises of all sorts had to be adopted in order to keep the peace. No doubt Mr. Scott, representing the wishes of the bishops of his denomination, then as now, made his amendment as definite as he dared. John A. Macdonald confessed that they were giving up "half of the question," but if he had anticipated that the law was to be interpreted as meaning a permanent permit for religious communities to teach without Government certificates in this province he would certainly have felt that everything was being abandoned in the shape of Government examinations of teachers. It is too preposterous to think that anyone, excepting perhaps the bishops behind the deal, had an idea that forever and a day the religious communities then teaching in Lower Canada, where the schools were in an exceedingly backward condition, were to be empowered to teach the youth of any sect in Upper Canada time without end and regardless of whether they advanced in educational methods or deteriorated. Neither can we think that the framers of the British North America Act contemplated any such fettering of Ontario's hands in educational matters.

The Act of Confederation was notoriously a series of compromises, is admittedly defective, and is satisfactory perhaps to no province in the Dominion excepting Quebec, which, I may say without the slightest intention of being offensive, practically dictated the terms and had the number of her representatives per capita in the House of Commons made the unit of representation in Parliament for all the provinces. The appeal of Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick against the application of this unit to the number of their representatives per thousand of population shown by the last census, has just been decided in favor of the Dominion, and both provinces, as well as Ontario, will consequently have a reduced representation. No document prepared during the stress of negotiations for union could possibly be free from defects. Are these defects necessarily permanent? Has the spirit of compromise which brought us into a union with the idea that when we got acquainted and learned to understand each other better its initial mistakes might be rectified, to continue as if the members of Confederation were still new and raw with no interest in common but adherence to British connection at as small a cost to ourselves as possible, and the building up of as great a trade between ourselves as can be developed? When the Thirteen Colonies were in the formative process of union, discussions and compromises altered to a great extent Hamilton's original draft upon which the constitution was founded. Some of the greatest minds that this continent has produced, some of the noblest impulses that patriotism ever inspired, tended

to make that document a wonderfully lucid expression of the intents and purposes of the union, but it was AMENDED A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE THE UNITED STATES WAS MUCH MORE THAN HALF AS OLD AS THE DOMINION OF CANADA—the 12th amendment coming into force in 1864. True, it provided machinery for its own alteration, but the States are very slow to tinker with their constitution. The British North America Act can be changed only by an appeal to the Imperial Parliament which passed it—BUT IT CAN BE CHANGED AND WILL BE.

It is not the method of making changes that I desire to deal with here, but to suggest briefly and without any exact test questions being involved, IS CANADA TO BE FOREVER CRIPPLED BY THE MISTAKES MADE AT CONFEDERATION?

Because our fathers or grandfathers erred, are we and our children and our children's children FOREVER TO LIVE IN ERROR? If we started wrong in any particular instance must we continue to follow the false path though we are convinced that it is not leading us to our destination, which it is to be hoped with every citizen is National Greatness?

Because a portion of the foundation of the structure we built in 1867 has been found defective, must the whole structure sag, to its disfigurement and eventual ruin, without an effort being made to remedy the defect?

If the roof we built at Confederation does not keep out the blasts of bigotry, the storms of sectarianism, racial strife, provincial jealousy, selfishness, partizan corruption and individual venality, are we to never replace a shingle that the Fathers of Confederation tacked so hastily over the none too staunchly fastened rafters?

Do we admit that it is impossible to discuss any revision of the terms either exacted by any single province or hastily or greedily demanded by them all, without at once getting into such a furious row as to make matters worse than before? I believe it can be quietly and profitably discussed, and

make no more speeches, Lord Dundonald said little, but in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, what he did say, though somewhat ambiguous, was inflammatory. The reports of the "Mail and Empire" and the "Globe" practically agree, though the former says "cut" while the latter says "clutch." He is reported as saying, "Words fail me; it shows me what the people think—and a great deal depends on what the people think. I am certain of one thing; you have got both hands on the Union Jack, and if any man tries to cut your hands away the militia of Canada will stand by you." What does this mean? One paper has it "if any man tries to 'clutch' a hand away," and the other "if any man tries to 'cut' your hands away," the militia of Canada will stand by you." Who is Lord Dundonald to talk about the militia of Canada standing by someone who has both hands on the Union Jack? Does he mistake himself for the Union Jack? When he comes back is he to be in the humor to call out the Canadian militia? It would be bad enough to shoot off that sort of talk in Ontario; and though he probably had not the remotest intention of referring to the French-Canadians, his words will be construed to have an incendiary meaning. It matters nothing what he meant; what he said was rubbish and we have had enough of it.

A DESPATCH from St. Petersburg tells of the prayers of the Czarina and the Greek priests for a son and heir. The Czarina has passed so far under the control of the priests, according to the despatch, that she has pronounced a clause repudiating her former religion, which hitherto she had refused to accept, and it is said that "she actually believes that the reason she has had four daughters but no son has been on account of her not being able to believe all that is taught by the Russian church. Should the expected child prove to be a son the priests will again triumph, and the Czarina, like her husband and her mother-in-law, will fall completely under their influence." The

their own work, but in everlastingly watching that the work of others is properly performed. Scores of these worried men have told me that after struggling with new office and traveling help for months, sometimes for years, courteous and really clever people have to be discharged simply because they can never, figuratively speaking, get the books into the eyes, the buttons into the buttonholes, the strings so that they will stay tied, or shut doors so that they will stay shut. In offices these inaccurate people get accounts wrong, dates mixed up, put drafts and receipts in the wrong envelopes, spell names improperly, make mistakes in initials, forget to push settlements when they should be made, crowd customers when there are many reasons they should not be crowded, and, if salesmen, get customers up to the point of buying yet fail to get orders; somehow miss the people they go to see, miss the trains in getting out of the towns, miss their appointments, and are continually traveling in bad luck.

The percentage of these inconclusive and inaccurate people who ever succeed in reforming after bad business habits are once formed, is exceedingly small. The number of men of all varieties who go into business for themselves and succeed. I have been told, is less than seven per cent.; the failures of course include men who have capital and no experience, experience and no capital; but the great big gist of business humanity which is continually being ground to commercial powder by the stern laws, unsympathetic, unyielding, which demand accuracy and conclusiveness, is mostly made up of those who only half do their work and have no distinct and absorbing purpose. At this season when the boys and girls are home from school, give each one of them some little daily task and see that it is well done before the remainder of the day is their. Don't let them go wild or drift; life's sea is littered with driftwood, weeds and light stuff, blown by the wind and worn by the waves in going nowhere and being nothing.

THE Railway Commission seems to have promptly and fairly settled the Union Station proposition. It is a good thing for everybody concerned. The lessees of the property on the Esplanade west of the Custom House and east of York street, and including the south side of Front street, are no longer in suspense; the property is to be expropriated and a million dollar station erected, to which access is to be allowed on equal terms to the G. T. R., the C. P. R., and Mackenzie and Mann's enterprises, and such new roads as may obtain entrance to the city. I do not agree with the "Telegram," which seems to have faith in nobody and nothing but itself, that we are rejoicing too soon. The Railway Commission may or may not protect the interests of the city and the lease-holders. If the machinery for arbitrating as to price be defective, the Railway Commissioners will not be to blame. Neither can we throw rocks at the railway companies if they get the land as cheaply as they can, nor at the city and lease-holders if they get as much as they can. As a rule in arbitrations those who expropriate the property have to pay the full value of it, and in this case the usual legal machinery will be employed, with everything in favor of those in possession, a point which means much to the city and the lease-holders.

CORDASCO, the Italian labor agent in Montreal, appears to have been skinning his fellow countrymen by charging them a fee for getting work and bringing them over to this country in such large numbers that the place became a pest to the city and had to sleep in the streets. He admits that he received \$5,350 from 3,010 Italians, that an American steamship company paid him a commission of seven dollars on each ticket from Naples to Montreal, and that he had also received a large profit on provisions—in the last named case it is said the profit was sometimes 150 per cent. Apparently the C. P. R., with whom he had some sort of agreement, had a knowledge of the methods he was employing to fleece his fellow countrymen, and were willing to profit by it to the extent of accepting the men when they needed them, taking no measures to either provide for or protect them. The facts as brought out by Judge Winchester in Montreal show a most contemptible disregard of the rights of the ignorant in a strange land. Cordasco owns a newspaper called the "Courier du Canada," which is circulated in Italy, in which he was described by a correspondent as the great employer of Italian help, the friend, so to speak, of his race, a philanthropist of whom his countrymen should be proud. The Press Association should invite him to address their next meeting on "How to Make a Weekly Newspaper Pay."

THERE is somewhere in Toronto, blushing behind the anonymity of an officer of the militia; a remarkable man whose name the world has a right to know. He knows military matters like a Dundonald, and he has the literary characteristics of an experienced newspaper man. Who is this man of occasional front-page opinions?—"Globe" editorial, July 19.

When the "Globe" endeavors to be funny or sarcastic, as a rule it becomes heavy, vague, or offensive. The paragraph quoted evidently refers to the congratulatory I offered a military gentleman who months ago suggested, in a letter published on this page, a Military Council in Canada, after the Imperial model, instead of a G. O. C. The "Globe" apparently thinks I was throwing bouquets at myself, though possibly it was only fishing for the officer's name. I at once wrote to him asking his permission, as I have no desire to have what the late Alexander Mackenzie would call "wut" pushed at me, or to be suspected of taking credit for what is due to another. A paragraph from his letter will indicate the nature of his reply: "Thanks for your offer, but just at present I had better sit tight and keep dark; there are too many military swells showing off this hot weather, and I don't want to be dismissed during the night. I hope now we will have an opportunity to run our own militia, and I am sure we cannot do it worse than it has been for the last thirty years, with new generals every two or three, trying experiments on our unfortunate Canadian army. Some people would say we must be up-to-date, as we are always starting something new with old generals. Well, we will now, I hope, get down to Boer formation and try if possible to run the militia as we do our banks, trade, railways, fisheries, education, law, religion, and barber shops, without a guiding hand from the Old Country."

How does the "Globe" like that? Is it radical enough? I confess it gives me something of a jolt, though on second thought it seems all right. If the somewhat heavy-witted editor is not convinced that the correspondence is genuine, I shall endeavor to get permission to show him the whole letter and the name of the writer, if he promises not to faint when he finds who wrote it, and agrees to respect the officer's confidence as I have done.

TALKING of throwing bouquets at oneself, last week the "Globe" had a three-line heading as big as Ross's majority, over the following despatch marked "Canadian Associated Press": "London, July 21.—The London 'News' declares that the Toronto 'Globe's' statement that Canada's loyalty is infinitely above the Dundonald incident, and that the matter is insignificant from the point of view of Canada's Imperial relations, is a most pulverizing remark."

The first line of the heading was also "Pulverizing Remark," which seems to me a considerable exaggeration of the strength of the "Globe's" editorial expressions, ponderous as they sometimes are. I think, however, the "Globe's" "pulverizing remark" was probably feeble compared with the other "pulverizing remarks" made by the editors of the Tory dailies when they saw this advertisement of the "Globe" in the Canadian Associated Press despatches cabled from London, and paid for partially by themselves and partly by the Dominion Government, which grants \$15,000 per year subsidy to what seems to be degenerating into a branch of the "Globe's" advertising service. I am making these persistent protests against the Canadian Associated Press service, not



FAREWELL.  
As it might have been.

I intend to demonstrate that there is much which must be discussed. The problem of defence against aggression is secondary! We must first arrange our body politic so that some one section of it is not always up in arms against another; we cannot always be defending ourselves against ourselves. A foreign war might unite us for a time, but first of all we must prepare some way of living in harmony in a time of peace, without sacrificing every element of self-respect in compromises which outrage first one elementary principle and then another.

IT may be interesting reading to many people, but I confess I am getting tired of this Dundonald business. If Lord Dundonald is not being handed out a little more than his share of Canadian applause, what a rip-roaring welcome we should have given Aylesworth and Lette when they returned after fighting this country's battle against Lord Alverstone and the Yankee representatives on the Alaska boundary tribunal. A banquet at the King Edward was the size of the popular recognition of Mr. Aylesworth's services, and he, rather than exalt himself and what he had done, chose in his speech to minimize the simonisties of diplomacy, and flimflammed by the award. Had Mr. Aylesworth chosen, at the banquet given him on his return, to play the part of the gentlemanly firebrand, Canada, the Empire and the United States could have easily been embroiled in a most heated controversy—a controversy, even as it was, that will not soon be forgotten. I regret to think that Dundonald has not shown as much self-restraint nor made equal sacrifices to promote peace. Mr. Aylesworth could have made himself the lion of the hour, had his chariot hauled about the streets by young men for a week if he had so desired, and made himself the central figure of a new and for the time an overwhelming movement in Canadian politics. He chose the better part and showed himself the greater man.

The crowds that saw Dundonald off at Ottawa and welcomed him in Montreal demonstrated a popularity won in South Africa rather than in Canada, and I am afraid that when he returns, as it is said he proposes to do shortly, he will find the people talking about something else and unlikely to make the same tremendous efforts to touch the hem of his garment. Evidently restrained by his instructions to

despatch also says that "the stork is expected any day now." It would seem at this distance that if the stork started out with a boy baby in his beak, boy baby it will be, prayers or no prayers, priests or no priests; and if, as on the other four trips, the stork started out with a girl baby, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that he will go back and pick a child of a different sex out of the bunch because of the intercessions of Father John of Cronstadt or the royal suppliant.

DID you ever notice a woman going about with an occasional hook which was astray from its eye, or feel an impulse to tell some man you meet to keep his clothes buttoned up? There are some people whose shoe-laces are continually dragging, and if they have strings about them anywhere they are always untied. In mental and commercial habits the number of business slovens who neglect their work, leave it half done, or by putting it off let the job get so mouldy as to be not worth attention, is much greater than one can appreciate who does not occasionally handle the work of such botches, sluggards and triflers. Ask the head of any department of a considerable business, and he will confess that ninety per cent. of his troubles are caused by people who never have any better explanation than "I didn't know it would make any difference." "I thought this was good enough," or "Why didn't you tell me how you wanted it done?" These departmental chiefs will tell you that they invariably instruct their clerks and subordinates how things should be done, that everything must be done promptly, exactly, and, most of all, completed; yet it makes little difference—slouches slouch over their work still; just enough is done in an important matter to lead the man in charge to believe that it has been attended to, while the remainder of the task is left unfinished and trouble is the result.

There is always a right way and a wrong way to do everything, and if one notices, the easy-going and the flighty they are almost certain to take the wrong way. It is bad enough to find those about you are completely lacking in initiative, but, understanding this, one expects but little original cleverness. It is when the executive details get all mixed up that the man in charge of several departments or a number of people is driven nearly crazy. Men in these responsible positions wear out very quickly, not in doing



because it hurts me, except in the shape of an occasional nausea, but because I like to see a fair deal all round. Perhaps, too, I feel a certain amount of unseemly satisfaction in seeing my prediction coming true, that a cable service, subsidized by the Government would probably never hear of anything to the disadvantage of the Administration.

THE Government's proposed amendments to the Inland Revenue Act are intended to knock the Anglo-American Tobacco Trust, which in this country has been trying with altogether too much success to kill competition by forcing retailers to sign a contract to sell their goods exclusively. If a dealer refuses to sign the contract, or signs it and sells goods manufactured outside of the Trust, he is not only refused all the lines which the Trust controls, but is in danger of having another store either across the road or next door turned into a competitive and handsomely appointed tobacco shop, selling goods under cost, with the idea of killing his trade. Following are the new amendments: "Any license authorized by this act may be cancelled in any case where a person, who, being a manufacturer of any class of goods subject to a duty of excise, either directly or indirectly (a) makes a sale of any such goods to a person who sells or intends to sell goods of that class in connection with his own business, subject to the condition that the purchaser shall not sell or deal in goods of a like kind produced by or obtained or to be obtained from any other manufacturer or dealer, or (b) makes such sale upon terms that would in their application deprive the purchaser of any profit upon the sale of such goods, if they should so sell or deal, or (c) consigns any such goods to another person for sale upon commission upon such terms that the consignee can profit by such sale only if he does not sell or deal in goods of a like manner manufactured by or obtained or to be obtained from any other manufacturer or dealer."

I was reminded the other day of the existence of certain unjust restrictions of trade insisted upon by the Tobacco Trust, when I inquired in three of our best shops for a certain brand of cigarettes, and was finally told that they were not permitted to keep them. Somewhat shamefacedly one of them confessed that the Tobacco Company did not allow them to carry any goods not controlled by the Trust. I told one of them I thought he was in business on his own account, and had made money. "Of course," he said, "this is my business, but I have to sign a contract, you know, in order to get the goods I want. I don't like it a little bit, and I hear the Government is going to do something to help us out." The measure I have quoted appears to be an honest effort on the part of the Government to free the tobacco retailers from the preposterous tyranny of the tobacco lords. Of course I would not buy any cigarettes except the ones the Trust had forbidden, and as a matter of fact I had not smoked cigarettes for a great many years until the W. C. T. U. started their preposterous crusade for the absolute prohibition of tobacco in one of its least harmful forms. Tobacco in no shape is good for boys; the inhaling of cigarette smoke by growing lads is baleful, demoralizing and degenerating, and possibly a man would live just as long and be almost as happy if he left the weed alone. Who knows? Women would live just as long if they left tea alone, and would doubtless be a great deal healthier; it is quite certain that if they left flowers and feathers out of their hats and bought dresses at five dollars apiece, and shoes at one-fifty per pair, they would not die any quicker, though they might be much more miserable, and would probably spend even more time than they waste now trying to think of something to force men to quit. They can do no good, however, by agitating for laws treating men as if they were fool boys. Babies sometimes get their food and drink "down the wrong road," but no law needs to be passed forbidding men to inhale their food or to prevent women from sucking tea into their lungs.

LONDON "Truth," which for many years and at an expense of tens of thousands of pounds has been conducting a fierce campaign against swindlers of all kinds, tipsters, usurers, begging letter writers, bogus charities, employment sharks, quacks, etc., in the last issue which came to hand had the following paragraph: "I see, by the way, from the current issue of the 'Pharmaceutical Journal' that an attempt is to be made in the United States to deal with the advertising quack of the Pointing type. The Post-Office Department at Washington has declared its intention of opening a campaign against the use of the mails for proprietary articles of a questionable nature. Official orders are to be issued against all medicines the vendors of which make promises of extravagant cures which are incapable of fulfillment. Then the newspapers and magazines containing the advertisements of articles so barred will also be stopped in the post. One result will, I am afraid, be merely the appearance on this side of the Atlantic of a new set of quacks of the McLaughlin and Dr. Kidd type, for in view of the action recently taken by the police in Germany in regard to these pests there will soon be left no other place but England where the quack may plunder the unfortunate sufferer not only in peace but with the approbation of a

benign Government and with the approval of a Press which shares in the 'swag.' How are the postal authorities and the newspapers of Canada treating the public in this matter? Everything seems to go that the most blatant quacks see fit to write and pay for having printed in the newspapers. Every day the Toronto papers, which may be taken as a sample of those of the Dominion, offend by publishing advertisements descriptive of cures made by medicines or treatments which can appeal only to the ignorant, unwise, or those so desperately ill that they are an easy prey to quacks. Nearly every Saturday in all the dailies and in some of the weekly papers the reader has been confronted with the following extravagantly displayed heading over a two-column article:

RESCUED ON WAY TO GRAVE;  
PROFESSOR STOPS FUNERAL;  
RESTORES WOMAN TO LIFE.

DOES HE POSSESS DIVINE POWER?

Woman Threatened with Burial Is Revived by This Man's Mysterious Mastery Over Disease.

MOST PHENOMENAL MIRACLE OF THE AGE.

Without the Use of Drastic Drugs, Medicines, or the Surgeon's Knife He Defeats Death and Restores Life and Health to Suffering Mankind.

COMPLETELY UPSETS MODERN MEDICAL PRACTICE.

Gives Services to Rich and Poor Alike Without Charge—Cures Men and Women Thousands of Miles Away as Surely as Those Who Call in Person.

May I ask if any of the newspaper proprietors who are receiving pay for publishing this have ever made the slightest effort to discover the bona fides of the advertiser? If they have not, do they esteem themselves free from sacrilege or a doubtful play on words by enquiring in large type, "Does he possess divine power?" I know nothing of the truth or falsity of the statements made in the heading and the body of the advertisement which so continually confronts me, but I do know that if the phrases were used in the ordinary way it would mean that a woman was stopped on her way to interment as the funeral was in progress, and that the "professor" by restoring the woman's life practically raised the dead. These allegations of miracles are beyond the credence of all except those I specified before as being so desperately ill that they will catch at straws. Without having written to the "professor" I am quite positive that all this money spent in advertising, and much more, must find its way back to him in some shape, though the heading says he "gives services to rich and poor alike without charge." To those who publish and read this advertisement I commend the article reprinted from London "Truth," also to the Postmaster-General, whose attention is hereby directed to this class of advertising. Is it to disseminate this sort of thing that the newspapers are carried practically free through the mails, while the postal authorities of several other countries are refusing to carry at any price papers and magazines advertising "medicines the vendors of which make promises of extravagant cures which are incapable of fulfillment?"

THE dozen petitions that have been presented to the Council, exactly similar in all respects except the signatures, indicate the strenuous effort that is being put forth to have the Carnegie Library located on College street. After making this remark, the "Telegram" enquires, "Does this petition passing indicate zeal for the public benefit or zeal for the sale of College street real estate?" I quote this paragraph to remind the dear reader that others than myself believe the real estate grafter is out for some of old man Carnegie's money. Just as soon as the graft can be made big enough and its division harmoniously arranged the site will probably be selected.

ST. LOUIS, MO., has no doubt heard with pain that things have been said about it in a Vienna newspaper likely to make both it and the Mississippi unpopular in select Austrian circles. The "special envoy of the 'Neuer Wiener Tagblatt,'" as he is described in his despatch, must have announced himself thus and been treated accordingly, for to him the Mississippi is a mudhole, and St. Louis a gigantic village, where accidents "are as numerous as the sands of the seashore," and where "the bushwhackers lower and make a promenade that is dangerous to life." St. Louis is by no means a good imitation of heaven, but it is hardly as bad as this.

IT is announced in a despatch from that city that "the police have gone in to stamp out the Sunday sale of ice-cream and soda-water in Brantford." During this hot weather the Brantford police might very well take a rest if they have no more serious task than chasing after a few people who are trying to earn a few honest dimes in helping their customers to keep cool. The "stamping out" of the sale of soda-water and ice-cream, generally conducted in small places by old maids, widows and unfortunate people, who thus try to eke out a living, seems like trying to kill a mosquito with a trip-hammer. The police and people generally sometimes get frightfully fussy when trying to show how good they are.

GENERAL BOOTH is reported to have bought the Island of Anticosti from Menier of chocolate fame, who, after spending a couple of million dollars improving his property, has become tired of it. The idea of running a colonization enterprise may be a good one, but the climate and possibilities of Anticosti are hardly suited to the people who would come under the head of rescue work in large British cities. The Salvation Army is one of the world's strongest forces for the uplifting of those who have fallen very low, but as colonists or colonizers they may not prove so successful, and it would be a pity to have any of their energies taken from the slum work in which they have accomplished so much, to have it wasted trying to populate a rather inhospitable island.

HERO-WORSHIP is a form of romanticism to which we are all inclined. The most prosaic and laborious lives, altogether unrelieved by contact with the beautiful and sentimental, sometimes develop with startling suddenness a passionate hunger for the unusual, the unreal, possibly the unnatural. I have seen in criminal courts farm wives, past their youth, with shoulders stooped with toil and hands hardened with unlovely tasks, arraigned for the murder of a husband, whose place was to be filled by an unattractive and uneducated hired man who had filled the woman's starved soul and brightened her dulled eyes with a glimpse of passionate romance. The slavey in the kitchen, the tired apprentice in his garret, even the gray-haired laborer in his cottage, turn to penny romances when one would think their weariness would have inclined them to turn into bed.

A clever editorial in the "Star," speaking of the enormous attendance and unbounded enthusiasm at the Scholes reception—the procession itself was a rather weak feature—says that of the 75,000 people who witnessed it fully half were women anxious to see an athlete who had won a notable victory against the picked men of the world. "In an age," the "Star" says, "when men begin to show baldness at thirty, take on corpulence at thirty-five, and after being shut in offices all day doze on verandahs in the evenings from heavy feeding—in an age when men discard all attractive color from their dress, all gallantry from their speech, all valor from their pursuits—it is not surprising that women, with their imaginations unfed, turn to works of fiction, and crowd the streets when a famed soldier rides through town or a champion athlete is welcomed home.

There never lived a woman who had not her ideal of man. There never was an age in which men so completely stripped themselves of every aid that would make them appeal to the romantic imagination. They wear no gray plumage. They submerge themselves in business. They read little but market reports. If they have physical courage they exercise it not. When they travel it is to capture a distant dollar. They expose themselves to no peril save when they risk appendicitis by eating grapes.

"It is a dull age for the woman of romantic fancy. The fiction writers of the day know it, and profit by it. They tell of heroes, brave in battle, and costumed with taste. The stage, too, sees the age of hum-drum, and gives us backslappers of a gayer and more variegated time, when men worked that they might live, but got out of life what it had to give.

"The world grows tame and its colors fade. Dull and plentiful times are upon us, and the romantic mind regrets

it. But that it is a bad thing for the race we shall not go the length of saying."

Quite true. What is the use of trying to say it differently when it has been well said? Possibly the writer might have followed his philosophizing to the effect this hero-worship has upon the multitude. In a vast concourse of people enthusiasm is as contagious as smallpox, and when the adulation of the assembly is directed to an unworthy object it is more deadly. An hour of mad enthusiasm for a man who has done something which should not have been done, or accomplished by chicanery what he could not do honestly, may do more to set the community wrong than all the preaching, teaching and writing, in churches, schools and newspapers, can set right in a year. A bad book, a base editorial, a foolish speech, has the same bad effect to a much more limited extent, and those who assume responsibilities in getting up demonstrations or directing the impulses of the people in any way should bear in mind that it is not given to any of us to tell into what ground such seed as we sow may fall, or what noxious growth may be the result.

Fortunately the people of this country are not in the habit of making demonstrations in honor of men devoid of honor or ignoble in their achievements. Lord Dundonald, for instance, naturally and properly aroused enthusiasm by his personal attractiveness, his distinguished bearing and his splendid record as a soldier. However, going about this province, we are told by the party newspapers, there is a member of the Legislature who draws large crowds to hear his explanation or defence of conduct so utterly base that one recalls the conduct of Judas as a pleasant contrast. The influence of this man, whom curious crowds flock to hear, must be bad, for his proper place is at the unclean end of a dung-fork. Demonstrations made by violent partisans have frequently as their object men whose deeds should be reprobated by every right-thinking citizen, and to a city given to great parades and sometimes to much ado about nothing, a suggestion of not overdoing any sort of thing is always in order.

OF the Scholes demonstration, it may be said that for spontaneity and whole-hearted welcome it could not have been beaten, while the one in whose honor it was arranged was in every way worthy. He enquired of one of his many interviewers, "Say, how on earth can people be so enthusiastic just over a little bit of rowing, anyhow?" There were thousands and thousands of people who cheered him lustily on Monday who did not care a dime about rowing, but did care very much to see and hear the young chap who worked so hard and so successfully to win a prize which in direct money value, it not remaining permanently in his possession, is trivial. He was honored because he did something mighty hard to do, something that did credit not only to himself, but to his city and country, for Canadians are proud to have him to point to as a type of our race. He is honored because he is a modest and well-behaved young man, brought up in sporting circles amidst unusual temptations, with the too little prized blessings of a good father and mother, though one of the few saddening features of it to the father is perhaps that the boy's mother did not live to see the honor which sturdy manhood has brought to her two sons. Mr. John F. Scholes, a powerful athlete of more than Canadian reputation, must have thought of this when he was called upon to speak. "I thank you all from the bottom of my heart," said he, "for the reception you have given my boy. I am gratified to see so many people turn out to acknowledge his efforts to do honor to Canada and his own native city of Toronto." This father of two athletic champions must have felt unspeakably proud, as he has reason to be, and the sons must have felt proud of the sire, as they have reason to be. If the young fellows of Toronto learn the real lesson of the demonstration they will see in it how splendid a thing it is to make a father's heart glow with pride in his sons. It is unnecessary to go further. If the demonstration has the effect of making even a few careless lads think how really grand a thing it would be to do something honorable so well as to make their parents and their fellow citizens proud of them, it may provide us with material for many demonstrations in the future. Of one such we are already sure; that to Private Perry, who won the King's prize at Bisley, and is now the crack shot of the British Empire. This other Toronto-born and trained hero will soon return, and then the town will have to "holler" some more.

#### Social and Personal.

The engagement of Mr. Arthur Gowan Strathy and Miss Margaret Cleary is announced. Their marriage is, I understand, to take place in October. Miss Cleary was down for the Strathy-Kirkpatrick wedding last month, at which she was an admired guest.

Mr. Morton Jones left last week for a vacation trip to Winnipeg and the West.

Lord Dundonald, Captain Newton and Mr. McAlister sailed for the "Titanic" on Friday for England. Lady Elizabeth Cochrane will occupy Crichton Lodge, Ottawa until the expiry of the lease held by Lord Dundonald.

Mrs. and Miss Louie Jones left this week for Murray Bay, Miss Jones is spending the summer abroad.

Miss Langmuir and Mrs. G. P. Magann are returning from England.

Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis sailed for England yesterday by the s.s. "Canada."

Mr. Norman Duncan, 'Varsity '95, and a classmate of the late James Tucker, the lamented member of "Saturday Night" staff, has opened up a new field in fiction—the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador—(f which the New York "Times" Saturday Review says: "At the present moment Norman Duncan is the best-advertised of all writers of fiction. Even Joseph Conrad takes second place. Frank Bullen ranks Duncan with Conrad as a writer of sea tales; Dr. Robertson Nicol calls him an English 'Pierre Loti' and 'a mystic of the unfathomable depths.' The firm of publishers who are to bring out in this country early in the autumn Duncan's first novel, 'Dr. Luke of the Labrador,' are distributing samples of the work, neatly printed and illustrated. Nine of the thirty-one chapters are thus circulated, and as the story is also being published serially, Duncan as a novelist will be a subject of much conversation long before his first novel reaches the dignity of book form. As many of our readers must know, Norman Duncan, who is still a young man in the thirties, is Professor of Rhetoric and English in the Washington and Jefferson University at Washington, Penn."

At 403 Huron street, on Monday afternoon, Miss Dora Louise McMurtry, eldest daughter of Mr. William McMurtry, was married to Mr. George Douglas Atkinson. Miss McMurtry has attained a wide popularity in the city and throughout the province generally as the soprano soloist of Jarvis Street Baptist Church. Mr. Atkinson had recently resigned his position as organist and choirmaster of the Dundas Center Methodist Church, London, to return to a similar position in Wesley Methodist Church, Toronto. The bridal procession formed at the head of the winding staircase and passed into the drawing-room, beautifully decorated for the occasion, through an aisle of satin streamers held in place by the ushers, Mr. Ernest and Mr. Roy McMurtry. The bride was escorted by her father, and the ceremony was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Wallace of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, assisted by Rev. C. O. Johnston of Wesley Methodist Church. Miss G. Von Doran of Morrisburg was bridesmaid, and the groomsmen was Mr. Fred W. C. McCutcheon of London. The bride wore a handsome Parisian lace gown, her veil was fastened with a crown of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid's gown was of turquoise blue cologne, and she wore a gold wish-bone set with pearls, the gift of the groom, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The wedding march was played by Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of Jarvis Street Baptist Church. After a short informal reception Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson left for the West. On their return to the city they will reside at 500 Dovercourt road. Mrs. McMurtry, mother of the bride, wore grey voile touched with blue. The bride's going-away dress was a dainty costume of white serge, with touches of gold.

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## SOCIETY

The midsummer regatta and At Home of the Argonaut Rowing Club will doubtless remain a fixture of the summer season, if one might predict from the experience of last Saturday, when in spite of a wet day, there was a very successful affair on at the club house. The rain ceased about 5 o'clock, and as the wind happened to be in the north the club house balcony never even got a sprinkle, while the air was delightfully soft and cool. There were about one hundred guests at the club, who vastly enjoyed the pleasant experience of having plenty of room to dance, a perfect floor, and the best of music, and they kept it up merrily till after 11 o'clock. The prize tankards won by the four were presented by one of the chaperones at the dance, after a little speech by "Daddy Bob Mackay," as a pert urchin called the president of the club. Refreshments were served all afternoon in the gym, and were unusually nice, also perhaps because of the absence of the usual impatient crowd, all wanting ice cream and sandwiches at once. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones of Chicago are in town, and once more the charming face of the pretty matron smiled upon the success of the Junior eight, who were coached by her brother, Captain Barker. Mrs. Catermole chaperoned her daughter, Miss Wornum, and her niece, Miss Doherty. Mr. J. P. Murray brought his hand-some daughters Rita and Mona, and one of Mr. Jack Murray's daughters, a very stunning little maid in white serge and deep red ribbons. Miss Jeannette Dalton, Miss Brown, and Miss Wadsworth were at the dance. One exceedingly pretty young matron wore a dainty white mull and Valenciennes dress and large black picture hat. Miss Helen Milligan of Bromley House, Miss M. Perry, Miss McIntosh, Miss Dallas, Miss Morgan, the Misses Violet and Archie Townner, Miss Fisher, were a few of the graceful and pretty girls present, and among the men were: Mr. Heron, Mr. J. P. Murray, Mr. Norman Perry, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Frank S. Morrison, R.C.D., Mr. A. J. Kerr, Mr. Wright, Captain Barker, Mr. Grubbe, Mr. Darrell, Mr. A. W. Boulton, Mr. Lefroy, Mr. MacIntosh, Mr. Miln, and Mr. Oldfield. During the afternoon a most interesting handicap race was rowed between three eight-oared crews and a four-oar, which gave the spectators a sight almost quite new of three eight-oared boats. Later on another eight-oar from the Toronto Rowing Club came by, and was given three hearty cheers by the Argonauts' guests and members. Their rowing was remarkably good.

Monsieur and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere and their family returned from France on Monday, and are again resident at La Futale, their home in Jarvis street.

Mrs. O'Hara has taken rooms at 39 Grosvenor street. Miss Kathleen O'Hara is visiting friends in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lee are going up to Muskoka to-day to visit Mrs. Lee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Playfair, at their island.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony H. Crease are settled in their new home, the former residence of Mr. and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, in Huron street. Mrs. Crease will shortly go on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Montgomery, in the Eastern townships, and Mr. Crease will also take a holiday there later on.

The Misses Westcott of London are visiting Mrs. Price of Deer Park.

Mrs. Pilon is at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mr. and Miss Evelyn Cox spent a few days there and returned home on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones spent Tuesday at Buffalo and Niagara, and have gone to Montreal and Kingston for some days, returning for the St. Catharines regatta next week.

Miss Edith Harman has been spending some time with Mrs. Shoenberger at Rice Lake and returned to Toronto recently.

Captain Duncan Campbell, D.S.O., Boer War, who was the youngest captain in the Imperial service, a Sincere man and a nephew of Mrs. Barker, is to contest Mid-Lanark, Scotland, as Unionist candidate in the next general elections.

Mr. McGregor of Montreal is taking a course at Stanley Barracks. As he is a tall young fellow of course he at once met his fate in the way of nicknames, being "wee McGregor" from the word go.

Some time ago Mr. Charles Allen Johnston purchased a building site in Rosedale, and his new home will, I hear, be completed this fall. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Johnston are occupying the Langton residence in Dunbar road.

On Sunday a feature of the hot weather was the open-air services held outside some of the city churches. A small organ, an impromptu choir and seats for the congregation was a new one on the passersby.

Mrs. E. P. Smith and daughter, Mrs. C. Falconer Miles, Miss M. L. F. Miles, Miss M. L. F. Miles, Miss M. L. F. Miles, Miss Margaret Rich of Rat Portage, Mrs. Thomas Natt, Miss Natt of Cleveland, Mr. C. D. Maughan, Mrs. R. Greenwood of Toronto, are among recent registrants at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Miss Birdie Warren is visiting Mrs. Septimus Denison in Muskoka.

I hear that Captain Elmsley of the R. C. D. had a nasty knock on the knee from a mallet during the polo match last week, which has laid him up for some days.

Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden has gone to England and will, I hear, visit his native Isle of Man during his holiday resort at this season. If one eschews Douglas, with its swarms of "cotton dollies" and Lancashire lads, who come "tripping" by hundreds to the lovely little island every August.

The sweetest possible weather was vouchsafed for the Scholes welcome home on Monday, which was seen at its best from the deck of a yacht, and was so enjoyed to the uttermost by "a beauty party" taken out on the "Dream" by Mr. G. P. Magann. The pretty girls were Miss Wornum, Miss Doherty, Miss Rita Murray, Miss Mona Murray and Miss Kathleen Murray of Rosedale, who were chaperoned by a married friend and cavaliered by Mr. MacDougald, Mr. Douglas Young, Mr. F. Stanley Morrison, Mr. McGregor and the genial host. After meeting the "Corona" the "Dream"

sailed back to Thorncliffe and tea was served, the chaperone afterwards entertaining some of the young people at dinner at McConkey's.

The marriage of Dr. M. McKelhan of Chester, East Toronto, and Miss Amy Brandon, daughter of Mr. James Brandon of Beverley street, will take place next Tuesday.

They are having the usual high jinks and festivities at the suburban summer resort, as usual the beachers have funny events, masquerading most cleverly. Last week the kiddies had their annual hop at the I. A. A. hall at Center Island. The usual Friday night hop for the older members of the Island colony was enjoyable for dancers, but too cold to tempt folk over in any numbers. On Monday evening the fortnightly dinner and dance at the Yacht Club is on. A nice little party enjoyed an excellent fish dinner at Mrs. Meyer's the other evening. A few verandah teas and beach parties have varied the peaceful monotony of Center and East Island life, and good music and specialties attract the usual crowd to Hanlan's. It was a fearsome sight on Monday afternoon to watch the big double-ender bring the Hanlan crowd past the "Corona," for the ferry was careening so that it looked as if it might roll over any moment. However, the reflection that "rubber" will float relieved most apprehensions, and it would have been more than could be expected of human nature not to crowd to the side of the winner of the Diamond Sculls. The bay was simply alive with sails, shells, canoes and steam yachts, gasoline launches, and some marvellously rakish-looking craft of which the crew was composed of tatters and yells, about four feet high. A smile was the floating square timber manned from stem to stern with snowy sails. One was actually exactly an eight-oar, with a little "un for cox, and was cheered derisively until the little coxswain flew indignantly away and left his eight comrades bobbing calmly around as the wind and wave wished.

Mr. Bertram Denison, son of Captain John Denison, R.N., who is an officer in the King's Own Yorkshire Regiment now stationed at Crete, arrived on three months' leave in Toronto this week, and is now the guest of Colonel Septimus Denison at his Muskoka island.

Mrs. J. Delamere leaves to-day for Muskoka to join her sister, Miss Denison, and other relatives on their island.

Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick will finish his convalescence in Muskoka where he will visit Colonel Septimus Denison.

Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann was one of the guests at a luncheon given to the mothers of the students of the oratory, Edgebaston, Birmingham, on Tuesday, where her two little sons have been first-year students. The little change may probably be seen with Mrs. Magann at once for a month in their beautiful lakeside home, Thorncliffe, Parkdale.

Mrs. and Miss Naomi Farrell arrived from the North-West on Monday night and are with Mrs. and Miss Henderson at Hotel Hanlan. In view of the great sorrow, which Miss Farrell is bearing so well, they are living very quietly indeed.

Mr. John Small is one of the happiest of householders on the island; his cosy residence is the acme of bachelor comfort.

Mrs. Frank Arnold is spending a few days at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Among recent arrivals at the Queen's Royal are: Mr. T. E. Knowlton, Mrs. Allan, Miss Allan, Miss M. S. Cochran, Mr. F. A. Drake, Mrs. Mary, Irish, Messrs. P. Bailey, J. R. Stratton, H. B. Beck, E. Strachan Cox, H. A. Drummond, A. Roy, J. Strachan, Miss L. V. Britton, Mr. J. McCullough, Mrs. McCullough, Messrs. J. W. G. Barclay, J. Wegnest, C. E. Clark, W. H. Baldwin, Park W. Green, George H. Gooderham, P. L. Beardmore, C. A. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Saydam, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mr. William C. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hees, Mr. W. W. Barnard, Miss Mills, Miss Gray, Miss Evelyn Cox, Messrs. Frank B. Matthews, T. H. Mason, J. de Chadenet, John Robb, J. D. Steele, C. G. G. Ffolkes, J. G. Fair, C. Saunders.

The result of the annual election of the Niagara Tennis and Golf Club results in a list of members of the people filling office for the ensuing season. In the ladies' division the results were as follows: Hon. president, Mrs. Lionel Clark; vice-president, Mrs. Peyton Clark; president, Mrs. F. E. Cox; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Arthur W. Barnard; captain, Mrs. Watters; governing committee, Mrs. Fleischmann (convener), Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. T. J. Clark, Mrs. E. S. Glassco, Mrs. Charles Howard, Mr. H. D. Kirkover; vice-captain, Mr. L. M. Boomer; Mr. P. D. Crever of Hamilton was unanimously elected as honorary member. The local club have been very busy with team matches recently. Among the most recent was one with the St. Catharines Tennis and Golf Club. The Tennis and Golf Club men's team was successful by a liberal margin. Saturday the same team played a team from Lambton. Unfortunately the match had to be called off after nine holes, with the local exponents well in the lead. A return match will be played at Lambton this week. Monday the ladies' team from Rosedale, Toronto, defeated the local players by a clean score. Team matches may be arranged by addressing the captain of the Niagara Tennis and Golf Club.

Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss Sara E. Bradley, Miss Bessie L. Young and Miss Daisy M. Webb are spending the summer in the White Mountains and Old Orchard Beach.

To those who are compelled from one cause or another to spend the heated months in the city the use of the electric fan affords a great deal of comfort. There have been many improvements made in the manufacture of these useful articles of late years, and the fans now offered for sale are much superior to those in vogue a few years ago. The latest thing in this line is the residence type desk-fan. These are so arranged that they run practically without noise and waft a gentle breeze quite sufficient for the office or for use in the home. The Toronto Electric Light Company have a large assortment of the various styles on view at their art show rooms in Adelaide street east, as well as a good stock of the residence type fans.

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A Queer Letter.

The American Blower Company, Detroit, recently advertised for a cook for the restaurant they are about commencing for the benefit of the fifty-odd members of their office and drafting-room force. Among the many applications received, one is so unique that they consider its humor worth sharing. It reads as follows: "Detroit, Mich., February 26, '04. City. Dear Mum: Please Miss I send the advertisement in the paper where you wanted one servant lady. Please miss is the work hard? I can't stand hard work, but I will do me best at it. I never was brought up in the city so I don't know much about cooking, but I'll do me best. Please Mum give me the job for I need it bad. I was married but my husband forgot me. Now ain't that a shame num. However Mum I feel this way there are lots more thanks to the good Lord. Now Mum, I never do any washing or hard work, but if its a lady your looking for Mum, I'm the one you want. Please answer this mum for its nothing I have in the world mum but your kind wishes for me welfare. Good By Mum. Ans. quick Yours truly, Mary."

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Leave Toronto 8.00 a.m. by Grand Trunk World's Fair Express, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, reaching Sarnia 12.30 noon. Leave Sarnia at 2.00 p.m. by Northern Navigation Company's fine steamers "Monarch," "Huron" and "United Empire," connecting at Port Arthur with Canadian Northern Fast Express, or with C.P.R. Meals and berth included on steamers. The "Huron" sailing Wednesday, runs also to Duluth, and connection is made with "Monarch," sailing Monday for Duluth. Full information at G. T. R. ticket office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

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Herring and Tomato

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Every package  
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Chocolate Cream Bars  
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These Goods are Pure, Dainty and Nutritious.

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take home so long.  
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odors in bottles or by  
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Bathing Caps. Get one  
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Hudnut's Toilet Preparations.

**W. H. Lee's**  
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## Plantoscopic or... Bifocal Lenses

are the ideal for those  
requiring different  
power for near or distant  
purposes.  
We supply them also.

**The Calverhouse Optical Co., Limited**  
Optometrists  
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CONFEDERATION LIFE BLDG.  
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Our stock of fine imported  
whips is large, varied and  
attractive. All the different  
kinds are to be seen mounted  
in either silver or gold.  
Prices average about \$15.  
Those with jeweled handles  
are of course much higher.

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Fine Jewelers Established 1840  
168 YONGE STREET, Toronto.

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Latest Novelties in all  
Branches of a First-  
Class Jewelry Shop  
without the Heavy Ex-  
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1st Floor over Singer Office.  
Manufacturers of Corsets  
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to fit the figure by expert  
designers. Light weight  
with strong, pliable bon-  
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attached.  
Imported Corsets always in stock.  
Repairing and retightening of any  
make of corsets neatly done.  
Reliable agents wanted.



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in the creating of the beautiful and  
stylish in Hair Goods was never shown  
to better advantage than in his latest  
effort, **The Pompadour Bang**,  
with the **New Parting**. A dis-  
tinctive new style that adds individ-  
uality and expression to the face, whether  
youthful or middle-aged.  
A pleasure to exhibit and demonstrate.  
The honor of a visit of inspection is  
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Appointments made by phone.

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Massage  
Cream  
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Specialties. Pre-  
serves wrinkles, pre-  
serves and whitens  
the skin and is in-  
valuable because of  
its healing and non-  
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## THE CRUISE O' CUPID

From the Log of Harold Brooks, Captain.

By Gordon Rogers

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## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I.—III.

Harold Brooks and Jimmy Carew are on their way to the racing meet of the American Canoe Association, when the latter finds a pocket containing a woman's miniature. Near the village of Rome Carew rescues a girl who is clinging to an upset skiff. The man with her—Algeron Cholmondeley Potts—is an Englishman of unpleasant type, who is again upset from Jimmy's pluck, while the girl, Bessie Moore, and Jimmy enjoy his discomfort.

CHAPTER IV.  
The Girl in the Locket.

Well, mamma had a rattling chance—and she took it, adroitly, through her glasses—of observing what a "robust appetite" her prospective son-in-law possessed; and perhaps she reflected upon what an expensive luxury he would be around the house after marriage if his labor union should go out on a long strike and he should seek the maternal roof during the campaign. Yet I echoed, and with courage half an hour later to suggest that we should cut the dinner out and tear ourselves away, Jimmy had the nerve to say that that thought would be hardly safe for us to set out upon a long, hard paddle on the strength of luncheon, and that the means would defeat the end.

Of course the end just then was that he and Bessie went off for a turn in his craft on the bay, as she was anxious to make good her blue-and-white-plaque-yachting-suit dare; and mamma, beaming on them as they went off—a very handsome pair—begged me to excuse her while she took her customary siesta. And so the long August Roman afternoon came and went, and dinner came and went; and we all sat together on the verandah once more and talked, as the August twilight merged into moonlight, Bessie had changed for dinner into a heliotrope mouseline de soie gown, and looked deliciously peachy and sweet, not only to the eye of Mr. James Carew, but also that of Mr. A. Cholmondeley Potts, who had insinuated himself once more into the conversational circle and was apparently tolerated for the sake of harmony and peace. He seemed to bear no resentment for his humiliation at the mill, and to have no recollection of the girl's chaff there; and I slyly suspected that Potts wore the expression of a gentle virtue which he did not at the moment possess.

I said to Jimmy that his "fine moon" was now in evidence, and reminded him of his suggestion at luncheon that we might make an early after-dinner start. He remained diplomatically mute, like a dismounted gun in a fort; but Bessie said:

"The idea! How could you make an early start at this late hour? Besides, it would be positively dangerous to go by Blood Rock at night."

"Blood Rock?" I echoed, but thinking how fast Diana was making the night look like broad day.

"Yes, Blood Rock is a perpendicular place at the mouth of the river and head of Bellamy Lake. It is barely a mile from here as the crow flies, but three miles by river, which is very serpentine. The direct passage into the lake is a very narrow one, and goes by Blood Rock."

"And why is it called Blood Rock?" I asked.

"A tragedy was enacted there, I believe. What is the story, Mr. Potts?"

"Two chaps, Rube Fuller and Jake Blood, had a row and a mill one night in Rome, three years ago," said the gentleman, appealing to "Fuller got the short end, you know. The other chap, Blood, left the village late in his skiff, for his house on Bellamy Lake. But he didn't get home, and the skiff was found next morning floating bottom up in the lake. The water was dragged, and Blood's body was found near the head. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by accidental drowning; but the thing got talked about, and the Government sent a clever detective chap here, and Fuller was arrested on a charge of murder laid by the Crown. The case went to the Assizes, you know, and the Grand Jury returned a true bill. The prosecution claimed that Fuller had thrown a stone from the top of Blood Rock with intent to kill Blood. But the Petty Jury returned a verdict of 'not guilty.' They thought the evidence against Fuller wasn't circumstantial enough, you know. Fuller's counsel, a rather sharp fellow named Gannon, of Gannanock, made a name for himself as a criminal lawyer out of that case, particularly as the judge charged pretty strongly against Fuller, you know. Gannon had a scientific chap in the box to prove

that the rock could have done for Blood without Fuller's being there at all. I forget what he said was the matter with the rock—some beastly long name he gave it."

"Geological disintegration, perhaps," said mamma. "The rock is gray limestone, I believe."

"Well, it seemed to strike the jury as a good thing," said Mr. Potts. "Perhaps it was just the scientific terms that impressed them, as they were only a lot of farmers and mechanics, you know."

Fuller left the locality soon after his discharge, and then, of course, people who hadn't opened their mouths before, you know, said they believed he had killed Blood. And no doubt he had, because he had left Rome the night of the row, breathing vengeance against Blood, and wasn't able to prove a decent alibi, though his people perjured themselves in his defence. It was my first criminal case," added Mr. Potts, with an air. "I reported it for my papers, you know."

"Interesting, very," I said. "But wherein does the present positive danger at the Rock lie, Miss Moore?"

"Why, in the personal disintegration, due to denudation and other elementary forces," said mamma.

"Dear me!" said Bessie. "I had no idea it was quite as terrible as that! No wonder the jury were impressed."

"It sounds as if it would be safer to make the passage by daylight," Jimmy artfully remarked. "Besides, Blood's ghost by moonlight in a narrow way is rather a depressing prospect, you know."

"And besides, you should take a photograph from the top of the Rock," said mamma. "There is a very fine view from there of Bellamy Lake and the country around. The approach from the land to the brow of Blood Rock is rather a sensational for my nerves. One has to walk a plank over a natural rift in the rock, to reach the view-point, and the chasm under the plank is a path, reached by boat, up Blood Rock on the lake side."

"Me for the path," said Jimmy, with a grin.

"I think we should patronize the garden party in aid of the organ fund, this evening, on the rectory lawn at Sweet's," Bessie said. "The rector said he counted upon mamma and me. We might drive, of course, but I know mamma can enjoy a good walk as much as I do. There is a short cut by the way of the meadows and lanes, and such a moon. Don't you think so, Mr. Brooks?"

Of course I said I thought it should, just as though she had said with a pretty girl in a heliotrope silk muslin gown. "What she had meant, as her glance at Jimmy showed plainly to me, as well as to Mr. Potts, was 'with such a man.'"

"Indeed, Jimmy looked very fine and fit. The love-sick Hercules had made a change for dinner out of his knockabout clothes—olive-green flannels—into his, a double-breasted smart suit of blue, in which his long, trim figure looked particularly well."

"The meadows and lanes by all means!" After dinner walk a mile," Jimmy said.

"You will meet some charming girls, Mr. Brooks," mamma said. "The rector's daughters are remarkably pretty girls. One of them, a decided blonde is about Bessie's age, and I am quite sure—"

"What she was quite sure about I didn't catch. My mind had flashed back to Johnnie's Fall. For the first time since the morning I thought of the blonde in miniature Jimmy had found on the beach there. The locket was on the ring at the end of the steel chain on Jimmy's belt, in the company of a whistle and some keys, and tucked deep down in a trousers pocket. It had been a case of out of sight out of mind with me, and I supposed that Bessie Moore had put it quite out of Jimmy's mind, too. I said:

"I am sure that if the beauty of the rector's blonde daughter is only one-half as fascinating as that of the blonde whose likeness Jimmy was in a locket on his chain, she would be too dangerous a flame for a poor little moth like me to approach."

In the silence that ensued, we heard the guttural basso of a de Reszke frog in the bay, and it sounded as pianissimo as a waltz, as if a man falling down four flights of stairs at two a.m. James Whitcomb Riley sings:

"In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm to a little of the good a trifle."

Now, I hadn't wanted to do James Carew any harm by my reminiscence

remark, though I wasn't out for the "good." But in a hundredth part of the time it takes to tell it, while the temperature on the verandah dropped to freezing point, and Bessie shivered in her silk muslin gown, and pulled a crepe granule shawl about her, I saw that good night came, and expediency whispered insidiously in my ear to sit pat. If Bessie took umbrage, Jimmy might get huffy, too; for I knew his pride. The garden party might be out of it, and we get under way that evening, after all.

Mamma readjusted her glasses, and the eyes of Cholmondeley Potts glistened expectantly in the moonlight, as Jimmy, with a wary, partly in shadow, drew forth the locket and detached it from the ring. To me the burnished gold gleamed wickedly in the moonlight, as if charged with the mischief that lurked in the blue eyes concealed. He opened the case and held it toward mamma.

"Brooks omitted to conclude," he said in a deep voice, "that I found the locket this morning on the beach at Johnnie's Falls. Do you care to see the 'beauty' it contains, for mental comparison with that of the rector's decidedly blonde daughter?"

"The moonlight, I am afraid, is not sufficiently clear for a critical view of such beauty as Mr. Brooks has insinuated the locket contains," said mamma, in a tone beautifully bland.

"Perhaps the artificial light would be best, mamma," said Bessie, in a slightly strained voice.

"Let us step into the hall," he said. "Possibly you may recognize the face in the locket, and so help me to find the owner of it."

He went in and stood under the hall lamp. Mamma turned the locket slowly in her fingers, examining the case. Then she turned the mild but penetrating searchlight of her orbs upon the face within. Her gaze rested upon it critically for some seconds of time. The big clock in the hall audibly ticked them off. Her eyes raised to Jimmy's, he seemed to look through him this time, with a reminiscent but refrigerating eye, as by a delicate evolutionary process of articulation, she graduated from a dulcet smile that revealed how white and significantly interrogative "Ahem!" that Jimmy misunderstood.

"Well, she's hardly my style, you know," he answered, with a pleasant smile that revealed how white and significantly interrogative "Ahem!" that Jimmy misunderstood.

"A beautiful face, Mr. Carew; a very beautiful, bold face. Mamma's tone was perfectly even, but there was a note in it. 'I am quite unable, however, to identify it—quite!' And she handed the locket back to Mr. Carew."

"I don't quite understand," he said. Cholmondeley Potts, who had stood in the door. "I say, by Jove, I wonder who could have lost it, don't you know? He glanced at Bessie, and with a laugh, peculiarly Petersonian, turned back to the verandah."

Jimmy smiled slightly, and held the locket out to Bessie Moore. "Have a look at that, Bessie, eh?"

"I am not very curious," she said coldly, and seemed to withdraw into her embroidered shawl.

Then Jimmy suddenly stiffened, his brows knit, and the rich blood glowed through his tan.

"My dear!" said mamma, with a "look."

Bessie took the locket and glanced at the miniature with seeming indifference in her big brown eyes. But in that glance she raked the blue-eyed maiden from red-gold hair to dimpled chin.

"I quite agree with mamma," she said, handing back the locket to Jimmy, and turned and went out.

Jimmy seemed to be in a state of bewilderment. Then his brow cleared, and a kindly smile lit his dark face, and with a bow he turned smartly on his heel and followed Bessie Moore.

"I don't quite understand," I said, though I thought I did very well. "Surely I am not to suppose that you have thought for a moment that that blonde didn't find the locket, Mrs. Moore?"

"Most assuredly you are not, Mr. Brooks. How can you yourself suggest the idea?" said Mr. Carew, seen, of Johnnie's Falls, and remembered that the chap she was with had just such a locket on his chain, and that I had asked him to take charge of the locket and try to restore it to the owner. That story would 'go' all right with Miss Moore, he said, because she knew he had to visit the summer resorts round about pretty frequently to pick up items as correspondent for the Limestone 'Snorer' and the Brickville 'Snooze,' and Bessie's confidence, he said, would therefore be restored perfectly in me.

"I had let Potts run on, out of curiosity to learn how far his cheek and ingenuity would carry him. But when he said 'Bessie,' I turned to him to put up his hands. I thought that he believed I was going to fall in with his scheme, I had let him run on so nicely without interruption; but he eventually held a smouldering suspicion that might cut up, for directly I said 'hands,' he struck out with his left. I ducked, and smashed him in the wind with a good stiff left, and he went down on his back, waving for him to recover and get up. He got his wind back all right, but instead of coming in he employed it in tackling down the lane, showing way to fast pair of heels, and I felt sorry I hadn't joined him on his map, for he had managed to skin me with his big-boned fist. I went after him, of course, but he seemed to know every foot of ground, and led me a pretty chase. I had to drop him at last, in sight of a place all lighted up by lanterns as well as the moon, and which supposed was the rectory lawn with the garden party in full swing. When I got back to the hotel the ladies had apparently retired, and you were sleeping as soundly as Justice in the land of the living."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "Potts tried to make himself solid with 'Bessie' at your expense immediately after she said 'good-bye' to me last night, and got the cold shoulder for his pains. He was sore on you at first sight, anyway, and your threat to dress him down after his upset out of your canoe wasn't exactly a bad omen to his wounded vanity. I wonder what was his real scheme in approaching you as he did last night?"

"I'll choke it out of him if I get my hands on him!" Jimmy growled, as we reached the boat-house. "He's a spiteful, nifty, dangerous chap, but I'll hammer some of the cheek and vanity out of him when I do catch him, or my name isn't James Carew."

viewed with awe the succession of long curves of J's superb muscular form as he stripped and slipped into a black silk swimming suit, and the juvenile gaze followed admiringly the athlete's Titanic plunge off the float and the rhythmic strokes that carried the swimmer swiftly out into the bay. The wharf lay nearer than the boat-house to the dam. The road from the boat-house ran along the high bank and just beyond the wharf. I was swimming near to the wharf, and Jimmy was many yards obliquely out from the boat-house, when the boy gave a cry of alarm. He was dancing about on the float, waving his arms.

"Hi, there!" he piped, shrilly. "Dood Potts 's goin' through your clothes!" The tall figure of "Dood" Potts dashed through the doorway of the boat-house. As he passed he struck the boy, knocking him off the float and into the bay.

I swam for the shore by the wharf, and with an eye for the stunned and sinking boy, rushed toward him through the placid bay at high speed. Jimmy employs the Trudgeon stroke, which he swims beautifully with a long sweep and a good run. As I climbed the bank, Potts was

But as I ran up the roller blind of my window so that the awakening daylight might find me, the sun came as well as eyes opened wide enough. For two voices I knew came up to me; and leaning out, I saw Cholmondeley Potts and Jimmy walking together up the moonlit street!

CHAPTER V.  
A Morning Chase.

It was Jimmy, and not daylight, that awakened me from a sleep which left no legacy of dreams.

"Hurry into some rags and let's shove over to the boat-house for a dip," he said. Jimmy himself had hurried into his olive-green "trags" the day before, and he had sent a boy down to open up."

"When last I saw you," I remarked, as I slipped into my clothes, "you were seen by the moonlight, and the roof of Rome in the company of one A. Cholmondeley Potts."

Jimmy looked rather seedy, as if he had slept well. More so, a shade was a slight bruise, just under his left temple, which I hadn't seen before.

"That," he said, as I stared an interrogation point, is the outward and visible sign of a very pretty squabble. "Hurry into some rags and let's shove over to the boat-house for a dip," he said. Jimmy himself had hurried into his olive-green "trags" the day before, and he had sent a boy down to open up."

"A few minutes after you turned in last night," continued Jimmy, as we walked through the sunset, but sleeping village. "Potts appeared on the verandah, and asked me in his abominable drawl if I would have a drink. I gave him a taste of my humor, but his own seemed to be pretty equable, and he was not abashed. He said he was sorry I felt ruffled about his having used my canoe without leave, and asked me if I would make a turn up the street, as he had something rather confidential to say. My hands were just tingling to give him one-two, but I didn't want to make a row there, so I accepted his offer with a good deal more willingness than I showed, and from a motive he didn't guess, besides a little curiosity as to what his something confidential might be. He led the way to the other side of the street, and as I saw that this brought us into view of the ladies, who were seated on a balcony, I suspected that Mr. Potts had some little game of crib up his sleeve, and reflected that there might be something more than just one-two coming to him."

"Potts struck off into a quiet lane, which he remarked was a short cut to Sweet's, and I thought just the sort of place I wanted him in," continued Jimmy, as we turned up the portage road. "So I stopped short and asked him what he had to say, because I had something to say to him, I added, about his remark regarding the locket in the doorway of the hotel. He said that was the very thing he wanted to speak about. He had meant the remark as a joke, though he knew, of course, he informed me, that I hadn't really found the locket. But he had seen that his good-natured remark made a wrong impression upon Miss Moore, and though he had tried to make it right with her afterwards by explaining that he believed he had found the locket, he hadn't succeeded very well in convincing her; and as he didn't want to be the cause of any falling-out between Miss Moore and me, he had thought of the way by which he might make matters between us all right again. He hadn't as yet seen the face in the locket, and Miss Moore hadn't, and his idea was that if I would give him the locket he would say I had shown it to him, at his request, that he had at once recognized the face in it as that of a girl he had seen at Johnnie's Falls, and remembered that the chap she was with had just such a locket on his chain, and that I had asked him to take charge of the locket and try to restore it to the owner. That story would 'go' all right with Miss Moore, he said, because she knew he had to visit the summer resorts round about pretty frequently to pick up items as correspondent for the Limestone 'Snorer' and the Brickville 'Snooze,' and Bessie's confidence, he said, would therefore be restored perfectly in me."

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The yawning boy who had opened up the boat-house was awakened and interested by Jimmy's voice, and the belligerence of his air. He

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coming at tip-top time down the road, his long legs fairly twinkling. I raced for him, and stooped, with a low tackle in mind. But Potts had played Rugby during his callow days in Kent. As I reached for him, he leaned over and swung a long arm viciously, like the man in the poem "snubbing the gunners there." His big-boned fist caught me over the eye, and I went down the bank.

I had a glimpse, ere I sank into temporary oblivion, of some villagers running toward the wharf, and of a bronzed and glistening athlete looming large over the horizon of the bank above me, running like a ship before the wind, with chest extended and a long, strong stride. And I knew that Retribution was on tap at last.

### CHAPTER VI. The Gossip of Gigg.

When my senses got around to do business at the old stand, about the way a sleepy apprentice does to work, the villagers, ambulance corps and all, had apparently gone along in the merry chase. The wounded had to take care of themselves; and in a listless fashion, for the bells in my belfry were all ringing and out of tune, I lagged back to the boat-house.

"Dood! Potts must 'a' sneaked in," said the boy, who was drying out his garments on the boat-house roof. "I heard a jinglin' sound, like keys, and something drop; an' I looked round, and there was Dood Potts in the boat-house, at Mr. Carew's clothes. Mr. Carew's pants and belt, with a chain in it, was lying on the floor; and Dood had something bright in his hand, like gold, that he was looking at. The sun come through the window, where he had climbed in, I guess, and shined on it. I jumped up and see, 'Look out there!' I see, an' he looks round and see 'Hell!' and closes his hand on the shiny thing, and wiggles a finger fer me to come in. I see, 'Leave them things alone; they ain't yours! If you don't, I'll yell!' Nen he held up a plunk, an' I s'posed he swiped it, fr he never offered me one before, an' I never see him with one. I yelled then, and the Dood come plikin' out, an' swatted me over the lug, an' it was me for the bay, an' it full o' stars. But Mr. Carew was coming in, like one of these new kind of auto boats, I guess, an' he fished me out; an' when I see I was all right, he lit up the road after the Dood. Geel but he can swim. An' run, too! Potts can run, you bet, but I guess Mr. Carew 'll nail him all right. An' nen—say, I wouldn't like to be Dood Potts, big an' all. No, shure bob! Though he thinks he's just Jim Jeffries with the gloves. But he struck me, the big Johnnie lobster! Say, what did he want pokin' around Mr. Carew's clothes for, any way?"

There could be no doubt on that point. While the boy was talking I had looked at the ring on the end of Jimmy's steel chain. The locket was not there.

As I was leisurely making a more careful toilet than my rag-time one of an hour before, now having breakfast at the Roman House in mind, Tommy Gigg appeared. He had the latest war news. Potts had crossed the bridge at the mill, taking the Johnnie's Falls trail, with Mr. Carew hot-foot on his trail.

(To be continued.)

Miss Helen Gould.

Miss Helen Gould, on June 20, was thirty-six years old. She is a small, sweet-faced, dark-haired young woman, unassuming, yet with a gracious dignity of her own. Her speech is quiet and not at all assertive. Miss Gould is not a sentimental giver; there is no promiscuous charity, all her good works being on a sound business basis. In order better to manage her fortune of about fifteen millions of dollars, Miss Gould took a course in law at the University of New York Law School, but did not graduate because she feared the publicity of it. She spends half of each year at "Lyndhurst," her country place, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. Miss Gould is one of the six children of the late Jay Gould. Her brothers George J. and Edwin are older than she, and her brothers Howard and Frank and her sister, Anna, Countess of Castellane, are younger.

### An Artist in Trouble.

Howard Chandler Christy was defendant before Magistrate Whitman in Yorkville Police Court, New York, the other day, on a charge of assault preferred by James Cooney, a cabman, who appeared in court with both eyes blackened and his face bruised, the result of a fight on a ferry-boat. According to the cabman's story, Christy and a friend were in an automobile. Christy was amusing himself by tooting the horn, which caused the cabman's horse to plunge. He remonstrated. Christy told him to "shut up!" The cabby showed fight, and Christy and his friend made a football out of him on the deck of the ferry-boat. Christy struck him in the face, knocking him down and blacking his eyes, while both men kicked him. Christy was, however, discharged by the judge.

### A Scriptural Warning.

Many of the railroads in the South are prone to giving passes indiscriminately, so that on some of the smaller roads about all the prominent people who live along the line are carried free. Storekeepers, saw-mill proprietors, politicians in fact, almost everybody who can afford to pay his fare are so free, while the negroes and poor country folk pay the large fares exacted, the larger, of course, for the road's loss on the deadheads. One Georgia railroad, however, according to the Boston Transcript, has set its face against the evil, and has resorted to Scripture to make plain its position. It has posted in the two or three passenger cars that comprise its equipment the following notice:

"This means you!

"Thou shalt not pass.—Numbers, xx, 18.

"None shall ever pass.—Isaiah, xxxiv, 10.

"Suffer not a man to pass.—Judges, iii, 25.

"The wicked shall no more pass.—Nahum, i, 13.

"This generation shall not pass.—Mark, xiii, 30.

"Though they roar, yet they cannot pass.—Jeremiah, v, 22.

"So he paid the fare and went.—Jonah, i, 3."

### A Literary Digest.

Very fond of good books was young Frank.

For Frank he'd start in with Lang; He'd wash down Bill Nye With some James, extra dry; For dessert George's fables in slang. —"Life."

### Valuable Silver Gifts.

The best Canadian wheat cereal—Orange Meat—is a nutritious and tasty food. "I not only use it myself, but advise my convalescent patients to use it," says G. M. Stratton, M.D., of Naperville, Ont. Every leading grocer can show samples of heavy silver-plated tableware given free for coupons enclosed in every 15c. package. A splendid line of tea and dessert spoons in sets of six and three respectively, a beautiful pattern in a sugar-shell, and a handsome new-design butter-knife, all of very heavy silver plate, without stamp or advertisement, are among the premiums which may be secured along with this excellent Canadian food.

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### Love Letters.

LOVE letters should always be dictated to a secretary.

If your fiancée will allow you to send her typewritten letters for that matter, for coyness, you may rely on the comfortable married life. If she does not object to that, she will not object to anything justified in adopting the secretary himself may have some love affair of his own, and he may be able to assist your inexperience with shrewd counsel. The wounded had to take care of themselves; and in a listless fashion, for the bells in my belfry were all ringing and out of tune, I lagged back to the boat-house.

"Dood! Potts must 'a' sneaked in," said the boy, who was drying out his garments on the boat-house roof. "I heard a jinglin' sound, like keys, and something drop; an' I looked round, and there was Dood Potts in the boat-house, at Mr. Carew's clothes. Mr. Carew's pants and belt, with a chain in it, was lying on the floor; and Dood had something bright in his hand, like gold, that he was looking at. The sun come through the window, where he had climbed in, I guess, and shined on it. I jumped up and see, 'Look out there!' I see, an' he looks round and see 'Hell!' and closes his hand on the shiny thing, and wiggles a finger fer me to come in. I see, 'Leave them things alone; they ain't yours! If you don't, I'll yell!' Nen he held up a plunk, an' I s'posed he swiped it, fr he never offered me one before, an' I never see him with one. I yelled then, and the Dood come plikin' out, an' swatted me over the lug, an' it was me for the bay, an' it full o' stars. But Mr. Carew was coming in, like one of these new kind of auto boats, I guess, an' he fished me out; an' when I see I was all right, he lit up the road after the Dood. Geel but he can swim. An' run, too! Potts can run, you bet, but I guess Mr. Carew 'll nail him all right. An' nen—say, I wouldn't like to be Dood Potts, big an' all. No, shure bob! Though he thinks he's just Jim Jeffries with the gloves. But he struck me, the big Johnnie lobster! Say, what did he want pokin' around Mr. Carew's clothes for, any way?"

There is only one subject that you should deal with in your love letters. That subject is Lucy.

I select this subject because any man who has been in love to any extent has been in love with a girl called Lucy. Lucy is the lowest common denominator of love. It is an astonishing thing that girls of this name always become engaged during their first season, but practically they never marry. The percentage of married Lucys is only 10, which is a proportion of married Nellies is no less than 97.063219; these figures speak for themselves. What do they mean? I confess I do not know; yet figures never lie; perhaps these figures are all wrong; and, therefore, it is safe to speak of them as statistics. People believe in statistics who believe in nothing else; and it seems to me that if you can train your mind to believe in all the statistics that are going round, the ordinary man has no power of credulity left over to devote either to Free Trade or Christian Science or Lucy.

You must talk to Lucy about herself and her merits, and tell her that she has got all the best characteristics that were ever allotted to any one girl. Say the same thing over twice in different words, then say it over again and add an appendix; condense the statement and repeat it, and then state that if you caught any other fellow saying the same thing about her you would break his neck, see if you wouldn't. Yours till death (this is dignified and pretty permanent as things go), Horace.

If your name is Augustus, admit it. Be frank; your signature may be the only true thing in the literary world. If this letter is a fairly readable production, keep a press copy of it; it may do for some other girl. If it is poor sort of work, keep no copy. When you are cross-examined about it, say having written it; say that your secretary is in Dollywood, or has gone to Harriman University, U.S.A., to take a bogus degree.

N.B.—In the present state of the law, secretaries cannot be extradited for writing love letters.—"London Magazine."

Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City, N.J.

### Low-Rate Fifteen-Day Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On August 1, 15 and 25, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run special excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City and Ocean City, N. J., at rate of \$10.00 from Lewiston, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Lockport.

Tickets will be good going on regular trains leaving Buffalo at 9:00 a.m., carrying through Pullman parlor cars to Philadelphia, and 5:50 p.m., carrying through sleeping cars to Philadelphia. Returning, tickets will be good on all regular trains, except limited express to the Boarding the seashore and Philadelphia within fifteen days.

Train leaving Buffalo at 9:00 a.m. will be run through to Atlantic City. Atlantic City passengers may use trains leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, via Delaware River Bridge route, avoiding transfer. Passengers for other seashore points will use trains leaving Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia. Tickets will be good from Philadelphia to the seashore on days following dates of excursions.

A stop-over of ten days will be allowed at Philadelphia on going trip if passengers deposit their tickets with the ticket agent at Broad Street Station immediately on arrival. Stop-over within limit is also allowed on return trip.

For tickets and further information apply to ticket agents of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, or B. P. Fraser, passenger agent, Buffalo district, Pennsylvania Railroad, 307 Main street, Elliott square, Buffalo.

### Medical Convention.

Delegates to the Medical Convention at Vancouver can return through San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Denver and the World's Fair, St. Louis, by purchasing tickets sold to San Francisco, account Knights Templar meeting.

Tickets on sale from August 15 to September 9, good for return until October 23, with stop-over privileges in each direction. This is an open rate to the public, as tickets are not sold on the certificate plan. The rate will be \$70.25 from Toronto. Correspondingly low rates from other points. Tickets can be purchased going via Vancouver, returning through above cities, or vice versa.

By writing H. F. Carter, traveling passenger agent, Union Pacific Railroad, 14 James building, Toronto, Ont., he will give you full information.

### The Court of Love.

"TOWN TOPICS" has a decidedly clever skit representing a modern court of love in Paris, at which certain American poets present their offerings. Here is Richard Watson Gilder's alleged outbreak—

What is a sonnet? List and I will tell! 'Tis something very often writ by me To fill some corner in the "Century," I, e. i. Johnson's chance to like it well. What is a sonnet? When a thought won't jell, As housewives say, to lucent poetry, I make one of it, filler, tail-piece—Get!

It also minds me of a chestnut bell.

This was the wherewith Dante whooped it up.

And out of it great Milton took a fall.

And Shakespeare wrote a lot that we decline to read, and I will tell.

With printed thanks! Beware! It is a cup

Filled with a high and most bewilderling ball.

Such as they serve at Coney, by the brine.

Then Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is nothing if not loving, sings thusly:

Gush and the world is with you, Be wise and you're wise alone.

Put writing on space at a furious pace Is a trick that I long have known.

I write new thoughts by the column, And Hearst puts up the dough.

Carvalho he blinks and Brisbane winks! I tell you we're not so slow!

James Whitcomb Riley also breaks out with—

When the poem's in the paper and your name is on the check,

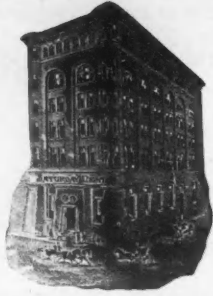
You may laugh at any sheriff who would swipe you on the neck;

Just you do a little spellin' that is on the rinky dink

And within your trousers pocket you will always have the chink.

When the vice is in the ricky and the price is on the bar,





# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 30, 1904. No. 38



THE death of Wilson Barrett will cause a more general regret than would that of almost any other actor of equal or greater capacity or attainments. His admirers are found in a different field from that to which the ordinary actor usually caters. He was the first theatrical manager since the days of the old morality play with sufficiently shrewd business judgment to appreciate the tremendous advantages to be gained by devising a play that would attract that part of the public which usually regards the theater as one of the most cunning devices of the devil, created to lure the righteous from the straight and narrow path. He clearly saw that if this class was to be attracted to the theater a strong religious flavor must be given to the play. If dramatic action could be worked in with a biblical subject in such a manner as to give the impression that a great moral lesson was the real object of the piece, preachers and others opposed to the stage might be induced to join with the general theater-going public in filling the treasury of the box-office. As a result of this business insight "The Sign of the Cross" made its appearance. As a play it was absolutely worthless and absurd; as a moral lesson grotesque and hypocritical; but as a drawing card its success was tremendous. Even to-day it can be surely counted on to fill any theater no matter at what season of the year it is produced; the uncritical audience which it attracts is used to having its sermons repeated time and time again, and as there are but few of this brand of play on the stage to-day, repetition does not weary. To anyone with a fair knowledge of the drama "The Sign of the Cross" is intolerable; to anyone with an ordinarily keen sense of propriety, not to say morality, it is offensive and disgusting. There is one scene in the play which is almost identical with a scene in "Sappho," the scene which caused police interference in New York, a city not frequently accused of priggishness. In fact the scene in the former piece is the less excusable, for it has not the artistic reason for its existence which partly excuses the celebrated "stairway" scene in "Sappho." Yet few ordinarily modest persons would confess to witnessing a performance of the latter play—nor should I blame them for their reticence. It is the palming in "The Sign of the Cross" which excuses the torture chamber and the house of harlots; it is the miraculous flash of light from heaven—really from the loft above—which makes the orgy and other indecencies palatable. It must be a nice thing to have one of those telescopic consciences which can be adjusted to fit anything that is desirable to make it fit. I have seen hundreds of people with this kind of moral gauge attachment enthusiastically applauding "The Sign of the Cross" when they would have been scandalized had anyone asked them if they had ever seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a less indecent play. This is the greatest tribute that I can offer to Wilson Barrett's genius. He was not a great actor, though he was always acceptably competent; he was a great business man, for he understood human nature, accurately appreciated the value of its amusing little weaknesses, and achieved success by skillfully playing his own march of triumph on them without an alarming dissonance.

Amelia Bingham opens her coming season on September 5. Her tour will include the south and middle West. She will present her great New York successes, "The Climbers," "A Modern Magdalen," "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," Clyde Fitch's clever comedy, "Olympie," and "The Vital Issue." Miss Bingham's tour is so arranged that she will return to New York immediately before the holidays.

Sam S. Shubert has added Herbert Kealey and Ellie Shannon to his list of stars. It is his purpose to present them this season in a new play from the German bearing the unique title of "Taps." It is of a semi-military character. Miss Shannon will find herself invested in a role of the same style as Margaret in "Lady Bountiful" which was the greatest hit this charming actress ever made. Mr. Kealey finds himself well suited. It is not anticipating too much to expect that this play will duplicate the experience it had in Germany, where it ran two complete seasons in Berlin alone, and so strong were its drawing powers that five companies were sent on tour.

Sam S. Shubert will send on tour this coming season twelve attractions, among which will be:

Jefferson De Angelis in a new comic opera entitled "Fantana." The novel feature of this new musical offering will be that it will present a blending of the Oriental with the Occidental. It is the intention to make this the most pretentious production ever known to the stage so far as ensemble and scenery are concerned.

De Wolf Hopper will go on tour in his greatest success, the Goodwin-Morse opera "Wang." The prima donna will be Miss Nella Bergen.

Miss Ada Kelan becomes a member of the Shubert forces this season, and after a run in New York will be sent on tour in a repertoire of the classics including "The School for Scandal" and "The Country Girl."

Two "A Chinese Honeymoon" companies will tour both in the East and West, and should no doubt duplicate the success they attained last season.

## Hearts.

They played at hearts on the ocean strand,  
When the moon was shining bright;  
He thought that the queen was in his hand,  
She thought she played aright.  
But summer has gone, and they both have strayed  
Away from the fickle wave.  
He says 'twas only the deuce she played,  
She says he played the knave!

C. S. Friedman.

## Supplied.

Mistress—Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?  
Maid—They wanted to, ma'am, but I told 'em yez had plenty of your own, and better ones, too.



A GROUP ON THE "CORONA."  
The champion, Lewis F. Scholes, is holding the famous cup.



THE question of professionalism in lacrosse has bobbed up again, and at last there is a prospect that the matter of paying players will be settled for good and all. When the Capitals played the outlaid Tecumsehs last Saturday they created an issue which the Canadian Association of Amateur Athletes cannot ignore. Of course everybody who knows anything about Canadian athletics and who will not deliberately close his eyes, knows that for years lacrosse in Canada has been a professional game. Even the Simon-pur Toronto, who are now enjoying a brief season of inactivity, paid their players. It was denied, of course, but the money changed hands just the same. To the plain, ordinary citizen it would seem more desirable to have out-and-out professionalism than counterfeit amateurism which makes liars of men who, themselves, are decent enough fellows. The players make no bones of the fact that they get money. Harry Gillespie, the manager of the Tecumsehs, took the bull by the horns at the C.L.A.-C.A.A.A. conference on Saturday evening last, and plainly announced that his is a professional team. The players get their money every Monday morning. The Chippewas get theirs, it may be remarked, on Friday evening. The good gentlemen from Montreal who came to Toronto to interview the C.L.A. people were agast at Mr. Gillespie's confession. The Eastern method is to deny that players are paid. In other words, the club managers lie. Mr. J. K. Foran of the Capitals furnished an honorable exception. He acknowledged that the Ottawa men are paid. But of course the Shamrocks, Cornwalls, Nationals and Montreals are all gentleman amateurs—that is, if you don't mind what you say.

With the Capitals professionalized the day of openly paid teams comes. The question as to whether the game can be made financially profitable is one that brings forth all kinds of opinions. One thing is certain, and that is that both Chippewas and Tecumsehs, professional clubs, have made money this season. Ottawa has had a paying professional club for years, although the margin of receipts over expenses, year in and year out, is not large. The Shamrocks make plenty of money, while the Cornwalls, Nationals and Montreals do business at a loss. Thus it seems that Ottawa and Montreal can each support one good professional team, while Toronto seems able to carry two. The players nearly all have trades at which they work more or less actively during the lacrosse season. There is a fear that, with the adoption of openly professional lacrosse, the players might want to occupy the same place as baseball players, and refuse to do anything but play lacrosse. Then salaries would have to go up. The game could hardly stand this. At present thirty dollars a week is the top notch of the lacrosse player's pay. He earns his money easily, for

he averages not more than two matches a month. The new professional league that is bound to be formed cannot do more than give the teams a match each per week. Probably the men could stand two games a week, but the people would not turn out in paying numbers. This is the opinion of men who should know the conditions surrounding lacrosse. The baseball enthusiast will gladly turn out every day that his team is in town. Why wouldn't the lacrosse crank do likewise? Surely the followers of the national game are just as earnest as the baseball fans.

Although the Tecumsehs went down before the Capitals to the tune of seven to three, the Easterners had all the luck. The game was played in a driving rain storm, and the field was inches deep in water in some places. The Capitals were clearly the more experienced "mud horses," and they kept their feet much more successfully than did the home players. Nevertheless, when all is said and done the better twelve won. This is not to be taken as an acknowledgment that the quality of Eastern lacrosse is better than the article served up in Ontario. There is not much difference between Tecumsehs, Brantford, Shamrocks, and Capitals. The two latter teams are the stronger, but there is no very great disparity. However, the question of comparison between the C.L.A. and N. A. L. A. twelve will soon be a dead one. With the advent of professionalism there will likely be a complete reorganization of the twelve. The fight between the N. A. L. A. and the lacrosse players has had one good result: the athletic atmosphere has been purified.

Some of the authorities of the N. A. L. A. and the Ontario Hockey Association seem to have a very hazy opinion as to the meaning of the word "amateur" in England. Mr. John Ross Robertson, as president of the Hockey Association, offered to cable to England for information as to whether a man can be an amateur in one sport and a professional in another, and whether a professional can at will resume amateur standing. Mr. Robertson might have saved his money by asking Mr. Francis Nelson, or by applying for information at this office. As to the first question, I can tell the president of the O. H. A. that in England cases are quite numerous of a man playing professionally in one sport and as an amateur in another. Thus it is very usual for a professional in cricket to play football as an amateur, and vice versa. As to the second question, once a professional, always a professional, is the rule in England. But this does not connote every sport. It refers only to the branch in which the man has become a professional. Cricket seems to have rules of its own. As long as a man accepts money for playing the game he ranks as a professional, lunches with the paid players, leaves and enters the field by a different gate. But as soon as the professional ceases to accept cash, he is again an amateur. I remember that A. N. Hornby, for many years one of Yorkshire's best gentleman players, became hard up, and turned professional. He was a paid man for two or three years. Then he fell into a nice property, and immediately he became once more an amateur. This peculiarly happy-go-lucky system seems to suit the cricketers all right, but it would hardly do with other sports. As a matter of fact, cricket is full of veiled professionalism. Men who pose as amateurs and who are accepted as being such, are paid by the counties big salaries as assistant secretaries or auditors or some other functionaries. Of course the duties are merely nominal. The idea is that the men will play for



John Bull—See here, Whiskers, call off that mongrel bear of yours. I can't hold my bloomin' lion any longer.

the county hiring them. They escape the professional brand. But it does not appear that they escape it creditably or in a sportsmanlike manner.

I beg to extend to Ald. Ramsden the assurances of my very distinguished consideration. The reception to Mr. Lou Scholes was carried out in a dignified and creditable manner. There was no attempt to make a circus attraction of the young gentleman, who charmed everybody by his modesty and urbanity. He would have looked like a fool if the brilliant proposition to stick him on top of a fire-truck had been adopted. Doubtless the estimable gentlemen who originated this scheme would have had a certain amount of difficulty in getting the champion to make a holy show of himself. I am told that Mr. Scholes, senior, who is a man of taste, promptly put his veto on the aerial truck scheme. The correct plan was followed in bringing father and son, with the acting Mayor, up town in a cab. That was the way a gentleman should have been received.

The yachtsmen of Rochester want the conditions of the Canada Cup races altered so as to allow of smaller boats being employed. It is to be hoped that no such change will be made. The best seamanship is to be seen in the manoeuvring of the craft of the dimensions of "Irondequoit" and "Strathcona." There are plenty of races annually for the twenty and twenty-five footers. The big single stickers furnish exciting sport. And moreover, it is doubtful whether the deed of gift of the Canada Cup could be legally altered at this juncture. If it can be, it should not be so altered. Doubtless the opposition of our men will thwart the plan.

OLYMPIAN.

## LAWN BOWLING.

It is an old saying that "it is a wise father that knows his own child." The Western Ontario Lawn Bowling Association is a precocious boy, virtually an offspring of the Ontario Lawn Bowling Association, and it has really the audacity to call itself the "premier" association simply because of the fact that its present tournament, now being held on the lawns of the London Rowing Club, is the largest in the annals of Canadian lawn bowling. Several reasons may be assigned for this fact. London is the center of a group of small towns which devote their summer to bowling on the green, and to exemplify this, I was told by the representative of a well-known wholesale concern that if you wanted to do business with a merchant in the Western Ontario circuit you must look for him on the green, and the keener bowler you are the more likelihood of your receiving a good fat order. Then, again, the "liquids" are free, which lessens somewhat the expense account of those participating in the tournament, and last, not least, the Londoners are good sports.

It was indeed a pleasure to meet many old faces on the lawn. Our old friend Sam Hodge of Mitchell as usual had a kindly greeting for all who came in his way, and then his confrere, Colonel Doherty, as keen as ever to lie close to the "Jack." Jamie Laird of Brampton, with his "cornob," and his close observance of Doc Roberts, was another old friend, while Bill Jackson of Clinton, who won the trophy last year, was somewhat subdued by his defeat in his preliminary contest this year.

The location of the lawns on the banks of the Thames could not be improved on, and 23 greens accommodated 79 rinks. The greens were in nice order, except being a trifle hard and in some cases not very true.

Western Ontario must be the acme of healthy localities. No less than twelve doctors of medicine skipped rinks, and from the number of ejaculations of "Well played, Doctor," heard all over the lawn, there must have been at least a score more participating in the game, showing that the "saw-bones" can even spare time from their patients to take a little recreation. The tournament will continue all the week and we will speak more fully of the various games in our next issue.

The game is making rapid strides in our Queen City. A new club has been formed in the East End by the parishioners of St. Clement's and will no doubt prove a strong combination in the near future. St. Matthew's Club, also in the East, has laid out a new lawn on the most approved style, containing 12 greens, and the ambitious Balm Beach Club has contracted for a lawn of 18 greens, to be laid as similar as possible to the well known Scotch rinks of Dunfermline.

LUNA.

## A Case of Tu Quoque.



She—How do you like my new hat?  
Sutherland Highlander—By Jove, what extraordinary headgear you women do wear.—"Punch."

## Confetti.

Nothing is too sacred to tell, if you tell it sacredly.  
Beauty without grace is the hook without the bait.  
Life is not so short but there is always time enough for courtesy.

Every man who drives a sharp bargain is a cynic; every man who asks you for a receipt is a cynic.  
Emotional cramps are not spiritual crises.  
Envy is the sincerest flattery.

The man who says "money isn't everything" generally owes a laundry bill.

To err is human; to forgive—diplomatic.

The world is divided into two great classes; the women who love him and the woman he loves.

There may be luck in odd numbers, but chances are generally even.

Politics: craft and graft.

Get the prize. Let others explain how they lost.

Necessity knows no law—except mothers-in-law.

Every dog has his day—and some dogs every day.

Love at fifteen is play; love at twenty is serious; love at thirty is fatal—it results in marriage.

## When it Comes Hard.

It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When your automobile is in trim,  
But the man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When he has to go home on a rim.

Aubrey—Yousah daughtah has consented to maww me, and er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in yousah family?  
Old Gentleman (emphatically)—There must be!

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## Intimate Interviews.

IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

**S**IR WILFRID LAURIER I found busily engaged in writing out his resignation as Prime Minister of Canada. He was without coat and waistcoat, and his collar and back hair lay on an empty chair beside him. His face was pale, pinched and grown suddenly old, while a haunted look sat far back in his eyes and watched him at his work. He glanced up for an instant at my unannounced entrance, then resumed his task as if his life depended on the early completion of his self-imposed labor. My heart was touched by this picture of despair. I caught myself unsaying all the unkind things that in the past I had given utterance to when my thoughts had turned to politicians.

"Wilfrid," I said, "what is it?" I felt that I should take myself as close to him as possible in the hour of his affliction—and "Sir" sounded too stiff and formal.

"I resign," he replied, with tears in his soft, sweet tones. "But, surely—" I began.

"Why," he broke in, "you would not have me remain after what has happened?"

I felt my position become suddenly more difficult. What could have happened of which I had not heard? Could he have robbed the treasury? What of that? Such things had been done scores of times before, and no one but an Opposition editor had even mentioned resignation. Could he have indulged in some foolish escapade which the papers had hushed up? No; this was Sir Wilfrid, not the sporting Cabinet knight. Had he betrayed the country by signing some ruinous treaty, or was he detected in some disgraceful deal? Clearly little slips like these would never prompt him to take so radical a step. No; the Alaska treaty and the G. T. P. R. deal had both been carried through. Evidently it was something of which the public had not yet heard, something perhaps that cut the Premier more deeply than could any outburst of popular indignation or any knowledge of a public wrong. Here was a case that required tact. I quietly took a seat and let him proceed with his writing, undisturbed.

Presently he looked up. "Isn't it awful?" he wept. "And think of it—just three months before the elections! It's terrible! I think he might have waited three short months more, after holding off for eight whole years." His head sank on his folded arm, and I could see his shoulders shaking with emotion.

Altogether I felt thoroughly silly. True, he had my heartfelt sympathy, but I should greatly have liked to know what the whole trouble was about. It is mighty hard to advise a man when you don't know anything about the cause of his embarrassment. I finally decided that the only thing to do was to make a bold break and find out what the matter was.

"Pardon me," I said, "but I am still in the dark as to the cause of your seemingly rash act. It seems difficult to believe that anything short of a gunpowder plot or a long series of votes of censure could prompt you to adopt so unusual a course as that which you now contemplate. A Premier's resignation is, in common with the entire public, have come to regard it as an interesting example of antique etiquette, a thing like the chivalric duel, amusing inasmuch as it illustrates the quaint views of our ancestors, but grotesque if revived for modern use."

His face brightened, and looked almost happy for a moment, but it fell almost at once. "Ah," he sighed, "that is the way you English look at it. You forget my race. And where would my popularity be if I for a moment should also forget it? Tell me that. Indeed it is by keeping well in prominence the little niceties characteristic of my nationality that I manage to hold so many who would otherwise go over to the enemy. In the present case I must appear hopelessly ruined—what you would call 'cut up'—or the people will begin to think me thick-skinned and commonplace. Oh, no; I must resign. Then I shall have the public sympathy and admiration. But it is too bad, too bad. I did not think he would do it—no, no!"

I tried to recall anyone who had said or done anything recently that could be considered as a personal attack on the Premier, but Sir Wilfrid interrupted me.

"Oh, Beckles, Beckles, why could you not have waited?" "Beckles? Beckles!" I repeated, searching my memory for a person whom the name would fit.

"What! Do you not know of the letter?" Sir Wilfrid cried, I shook my head.

"Oh, dear, I am relieved. I thought everyone would know of it. I thought he must be some big man that I have overlooked. I placed on myself all the blame for not hearing of him before. Now I learn that you, a newspaper man, whose business it is to know everyone, have not heard of him also. That is very good—yes, yes, that is very good."

"Beckles, you say his name is?"

"Yes, yes, Beckles something. Let me see." He reached for a copy of Morgan, which was lying open at his elbow, and ran his finger down a page. "Yes, here he is. Henry Beckles Willson, author and journalist, born in Montreal, present address Inner Temple Chambers, E.C., London, England. Sounds pretty big, eh?"

I leaned back in my chair and laughed. "I fear you have been seriously taken in and caused a lot of needless alarm merely by a high-sounding address, Sir Wilfrid."

The Premier sprang to his feet and leaned eagerly towards me. "You think so?" he cried.

"Indeed I'm quite sure of it. All those fellows who turn up in London call themselves authors and journalists, which names they justify by writing wearisome letters to Canadian newspapers. And they always write from one of the Temples or from Bow Street. When the cattle boats are running frequently every mail is loaded down with stuff from our 'authors and journalists' abroad. It is indeed a nuisance which should be stopped. Now if the Government—"

"Then this man is, you say, of no account?" the Premier almost screamed.

"Oh, I couldn't say that—his mother may hold him in very high regard," I smiled.

"But in his 'open letter' published in the papers the other day he spoke to me as if I existed only on his sufferance!"

"Perhaps he had had luncheon with Sir Gilbert Parker," I suggested.

"But he talked to me like a father to a sick pup. And he calls me 'a chill-blooded radical,' 'a timid reactionary,' 'a damnable' is to be preferred to my 'lukewarm impartiality.' Well, he is very welcome to Mr. Tarte's damming. I am very sure. Indeed, I hope he may get an abundance of it in the near future. But it was the ending of his remarkable letter which fully convinced me of the hopelessness of my cause. Here it is." He picked up a week-old newspaper and read:

"In the devout hope that you may shortly retire into a happy private life, and so cease to exert a malign influence on the destinies of my country, etc." Now, from that I naturally judged that the country was his, or at least that he was its guardian—so what was left for me to do but stop out? I tell you, it was no very nice joke. Had you not chanced in at an opportune moment—well, Laurier would have been no more so far as affairs of state are concerned."

"It is too bad," I agreed. "Doubtless those editors who published the letter did so as a joke."

"Yes, yes, but that kind of joke must be stop. Confound it! This is the result of Mulock's penny postage. If these fellows had to pay three or five cents to send a letter they could not, in all probability, write at all. I shall consider the advisability of having the old rate re-established."

He arose, hastily donned his hair and wearing apparel, and walked with me to the street.

JACQUES.

Jottings of a Fool.

It is a wise fool who knows his own failings.

The excess of fools in this world is due to the fact that fools marry without thinking and the wise man thinks without marrying.

It takes sharps and flats to make a musical masterpiece.

It is a wise fool who knows his own failings.

Folly to be appreciated should be less seen.

Fools will not believe what the wise say, but then—the wise will not believe what the fools say.

A fool may appear wise to his wife.

A fool's gravity is the cloak borrowed from the wise.

The folly of the wise almost exceeds the foolishness of the fools.

A fool with a loaded gun may do more damage than a wise doctor with all his medicines.

If all fools became wise, and all the wise men fools, how few fools there would be.

## FUN AT THE ISLAND.



## With the Procession.

**A**FTER the hero's right arm had been carefully beseeched and his collarbone restored to correct position, the Acting Mayor lifted him into the waiting carriage and prepared to make way through the shoal of sardines on Yonge street. Wild cheers rent the air, which hung in tatters ere the champion reached King street, where Toronto's beauty and chivalry were packed in oil. Aldermen of correct chest measurement followed the man of the hour and used all the smiles demanded by the occasion. Then came a carriage containing the first boot-black who had improved the shining moments in the service of the champion, and whose haughty unconcern was all unmoved by the tumult of applause in which could be distinguished the cry, "Brush 'em again, Johnnie!" In the morning papers this glad youth was referred to as "The Prince of Shoeshiners," and the City Council offered him an entire new kit set with Canadian jewels that made the necklace gift to Lady Marjorie Gordon look like thirty cents. Following this carriage was a victoria in which timidly sat his first Sunday School teacher, whose feminine cheeks were suffused with blushes as the crowd recognized her contribution to the greatest rowing that has been. Tears stood in the eyes of elderly clergymen as they thought of the lesson to be learned from the scene. There were as many as several emotions as the next carriage rolled majestically along with "the man who gave him his first shave." The master of the tonsorial art modestly bowed and waved his razor to the people who clamored for a handshake.

Following him was a man of heroic mould whose huge face beamed above a placard on which was inscribed "The first boy he licked." The licensee was evidently proud of the scrap he had left behind him. Not a boy among the rubbering thousands but would have been glad to change places with the man who had bit the dust before the champion's boyish fist. He recalled with swelling heart and head the sadness and humiliation of the school-yard. But now he came second only to the hero, and he mused on the little ways of Fate which can turn our downfalls into up-settings.

A motherly old lady was jammed against the C. P. R. office with her basket crushed into a shapeless heap of straw. "There he is, bless him!" she exclaimed, "and I remember when he used to buy candy at our shop. He's a nice boy, that's what he is." And the city of Toronto, from the Island to the Park, endorsed the verdict and cheered again for the man who had proved himself a true sport and a thoroughly "nice boy."

## The Woman and the Rib.

Adam gave his rib  
To make woman's shape;  
(Thus the story's writ,  
There is no escape!)

Many an Arctic whale,  
Witless of the blame,  
Also gives his rib  
For to make the same.

I sorrow not for man—  
He gets his ribbed back;  
But for the poor old whale,  
Alack, my friends, alack!

—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

Gabriel—Won't that spirit play his harp?  
St. Peter—No; he says he wants some kind of a machine to do it for him.

Reeder—From Colonel Sblud's stories it would seem that he was quite an important figure in the war, and yet I cannot recall having seen his name mentioned in any of the histories.  
Sporty—No; I reckon he was just one of the "also rans."

## By The Way.

The livelier iris that changes upon the burnished dove is dull in comparison with the new verdancy that has come upon the Maple Leaf in the welcoming month of July.

Whatever may be wrong with Toronto, the lungs of the city are in healthy condition.

Speaking of collections of valuable fossils, why can't some patriot buy up the Canadian Senate and put it under glass in Queen's Park?

If there is one item of expense the citizens won't kick against, it's the bill for cabling to Perry and other great Canadians.

"Speech is silver," said the city magnate, as he handed over the cabinet to the blushing champion.

Detective Greer may be another applicant for the benefits of the Hero Fund.

Vancouver, B.C., has lately shown great enthusiasm over shooting stars.

Some one suggests that the Russian Bear has been seized with hydrophobia—a consequence of letting slip the dogs of war.

Henry Gasaway Davis is Democrat nominee for that vain and doubtful honor, the vice-presidency. Perhaps he'd like to become a member of the Ontario Legislature in case Fairbanks wins.

The charms of Ottawa as a summer resort are beginning to pall upon the gentlemen of the House of Commons. Even "Lover's Walk" seems to have no turning. J. G.

## A Russian Newspaper.

Contributors to this paper must sign their names to their contributions, as an evidence of good faith, but not for publication, unless we happen to be getting out a supplement.

## The Men Who Lose.

When you've toasted all the captains who have sailed the Ship of Right,

And bowed before the laurel crown of them that won the fight,

Here then's another health I call—the vessel tempest-tossed—

Drink to the ships that went astray! Drink to the Men Who Lost!

Their name? Their name is legion—their names you never knew;  
They would not rise again from shame to take the crown of you.

For what avails the homage of the teeming street and mart,  
The statue in the market-place, when worms are at the heart?

A better song is in their ears than ever victor heard,  
A higher praise is in their hearts than any gilded word;

They have learned the final lesson, though they learned it to their cost,

The men who lived and suffered, the men who loved and lost.

Through all the world they wander still, these outcasts at your gate;

They have done with all your customs, and they preach the word of hate;

Yet are we kin with you, and once at least our paths have crossed.

Then pledge us now—drink deep and long—stand up: The Men Who Lost!

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

## How He Knew.

Mr. Millions—The music at the opera was very poor indeed.

Mrs. Millions—Why, John! You seemed to enjoy it immensely.

Mr. Millions—I did, my dear; that's how I know it was poor music.

Evelyn—Yes, my great-grandmother eloped with my great-grandfather.

Cholly—Just fancy! Old people like that!

The City Missionary—You may not believe it, but I have talked with people who knew absolutely nothing about God!

The Seepie—Slums, or smart set?

Dashaway—Was the seashore bracing?

Clevertown—Very. I was embraced by the girls, and braced by everybody else.

Mrs. Windycity—I hear that Mrs. Packer is quite a collector. What is her fad?

Mrs. Lakeside—Husbands.

Rose—I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door.

Fleming—If the wolf is anything of an art critic it will do it.

Payne—Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are.

Lane—I'll tell you some other time; I had pork for dinner to-day.



SOME MORE FOSSILS.

Another valuable collection for the historical museum—to rival Mr. B. E. Walker's donation.

## Fo'c's'le Morals.

**T**HE tramp steamer "Buenavista" had staggered out of the port of London two weeks before loaded with a miscellaneous cargo, bound for Alexandria. The two weeks, assisted by bad weather from the moment we passed the lights at the Nore, and a gale in the Bay of Biscay, had made officers, passengers and crew fairly well acquainted. The passengers and crew make up the dramatic personnel.

There were only three passengers—a man and his wife, and the other man. Why she had ever married him was past the understanding of the crew. We talked of it between watches and we never got any nearer a solution of the question why a fine-looking girl of twenty, with big brown eyes, a mass of raven-black hair, and a sweet voice, should promise to love, honor and obey until death a surly, big, fat porpoise of a man of fifty, than the dictum of the boatswain's mate, who was dignified by the title of "Lamps," and had a well-established reputation for being a wife and interesting family on three different continents, to whom he was spasmodically devoted, "that them women was past understandin'."

It might have been, if it were not for the "other man," that I would have shifted my kit out of the fo'c's'le of the "Buenavista" at the first port offering a reasonable opportunity of jumping my articles, for I was young enough to imagine that a boatswain's mate whose language was a medley of coarse invective and Cockney ribaldry, and a dozen men who had hailed originally from the North Sea fisheries, Stockholm, Copenhagen and Liverpool, were about as carefully assorted a lot of blackguards as ever swabbed a deck or set at defiance the laws of God and man. But things can be learned, even in the fo'c's'le of a tramp steamer, and a day at Gibraltar, where we had run in to coal, taught me more about the true inwardness of men than half a year's scribbling in a newspaper office.

Bad weather means hard work aboard ship, but the sailorman doesn't let his mind wander when afloat, far beyond the bulwarks of his ship or the weather that surrounds them, and the fact that the man treated his young wife abominably became evident to us all before we were out of the Channel. The fact that the "other man" was sympathetically attentive to her also became evident. Even a Jack nassary-face of the mercantile marine cannot go pottering around deck several hours every day in sight of a man and a woman without getting a faint idea of the way the land lies. And we debated the matter in the fo'c's'le. And every coarse-tongued sailor put "the other man" down as an oily-tongued scamp.

"What brings dat man aboard, anyway?" asked Ole Oleson, the big fair-haired Swede, and his one eye that had been preserved from a fight on the water lots of San Francisco, glinted suspiciously.

"The chances are," said a New York dock-walloper, who had absent-mindedly shipped from Water street one night, and had of necessity become a sailor and a world-wanderer, "that he is skippin' the country, and took the 'Buenavista' to get out unnoticed. He looks like a Wall Street broker on the bum."

"I've the h'dear," said the boatswain's mate, the oracle of the fo'c's'le, "that he's just one of them cheap crooks that's born that way. Sailin' round for trouble and ails meetin' it half way. If by any chance a man like that finds himself up aloft after he has made his last y'g'e, he'd try to cause trouble in the choir of angels. And that old, pot-bellied, thick-necked husband has made a lot of money somewhere or other out in the East, come home and bought her from her parents, married her, and is taking her to some place away up in Injy, or some little out-of-the-way port in the East, where he is a vice-consul or something like that. You can see he's lived among niggers all his life, and lived like a heathen." And the man of many wives tried to look moral.

"Ye can see that the young woman is beginning to understand what her future's goin' to mean."

"And I guess that other feller," said the New Yorker, "is explainin' it to her."

A little Dane, the most active sailor on board, after we had dropped anchor under the great rock of Gibraltar came down from the mainmast, where he had been at work, tumbled down the fo'c's'le hatch, and said excitedly, in broken English:

"The other man and the dark-eyed young woman is goin' to run away in the morning."

We sat on the case that night in the fo'c's'le and determined that it wasn't to be. It was understood by us all that the running away part of the programme didn't offer many difficulties. The Gibraltar bum-boats, with fresh fruit and vegetables, were already hovering around us.

"The mornin' did ye say?" said the boatswain's mate.

"Well, as New York (for steamship sailors if not called Jack are called by the port they originally hail from), as New York would say, 'not on yer life'! Not if this family man's got anything to say about it. And he has." And we left it to him.

The captain, as was his custom in port, was already drunk; the first mate was a "pal" of "the other man," and the third mate was a boy. The boatswain's mate felt that the responsibility rested with him.

"Tumble up, lads. Tumble up, my bullies. D'ye think yer drawin' two pun' a month for huggin' a hammock? Tumble up!"

It was barely daylight, and we proceeded to clean decks in spite of the fact that the same decks would be an inch deep in coal dust in an hour.

"Go below and tell the second engineer I want more steam on. There is not enough pressure to swab a plate."

When I returned there was an expectant look on the faces of my mates.

The "other man" had beckoned to a bum-boat to draw along-side, and was arranging the ropes and "boatswain's chair" necessary for a woman passenger to get into the boat already drawing near. In a minute or two everything was arranged and the boatswain's mate was still intent on his work.

After some hasty directions to the Spanish crew of the bum-boat, the "other man" went aft, and then below, and a few minutes afterwards came on deck again. He had turned to help some one up the companion-way, when the powerful stream of water from the nozzle put on for the occasion held by the boatswain's mate, caught him on the back of the neck. He almost fell forward, let go the hand extended to him, and turned. The stream caught him full in the mouth, and stopped the question that rushed to his lips. Then for half an hour.

The boatswain's mate played salt-water on the "other man." The hose extended all over the deck, and any effort to get below was frustrated by the rest of us. And all this time the moral teachings of the boatswain's mate were poured with the salt-water into the "other man's" ears.

That afternoon, however, the "other man" went ashore—with only his luggage.

"I'm not sayin' that the young 'ooman shouldn't run away," said the boatswain's mate that evening. "But I believe that she should wait a while for a better chance and a better man. That man would have left her three days after they had skipped over the neutral ground into Spain. She'll have great deal better chances than this one."

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

## Civic Questions.

Presuming that the future sees the same feverish haste as has been evidenced in the past, in clearing away the ruins of the big fire, how soon will archaeologists be making visits to Toronto instead of to Egypt?

If the Street Railway Company showed the same anxiety to run its cars on time as it shows in getting the new tracks laid on Yonge street, how soon would we have a perfect car service?

How many tourists, having survived the mental effects of the city water-front, the getting across the railway tracks, and the dust of lower Yonge street, have energy enough left to brave a trip on the street cars to the city's beauty-spots?

When it becomes necessary to have an acting mayor, how much better a performance might citizens expect if the under-study did not attempt to put on, without rehearsals, such heavy productions?

If nine out of ten people standing in line to pay taxes carry their money in their hands during the usual half-hour's wait, how much notice is attracted by the "Beware of Pick-pockets" signs at stations and wharves?

W. A. O.







man? Curate—Really, Lady Betty, don't think I ought to say that I used to collect butterflies, but I have.



# MUSIC

QUITE an unnecessary amount of fuss is being made by the musical trade papers and the piano-makers over the editorial in the New York "Times" headed "The passing of the piano." My own idea is that the musical editor was not in earnest when he penned the article, but was indulging in a joke which he thought would be appropriate in the silly season. The statement that pianos are getting in less demand is all nonsense, and is directly contradicted by the statistics of the manufacture and sales of pianos both in the United States and Canada. The "Times" assertion that the use of piano-players was one of the signs of the passing of the piano was the funniest thing of the many funny things in the article. Does the "Times" man mean to suggest that the numerous piano-players in the market are being made for the purpose of playing the piano or the trombone? There is no danger of the decline in popular favor of the pianoforte. With every person of any degree of musical taste the piano is indispensable in the home. Singers and instrumentalists must have pianos of their own or how are they to get their accompaniment played correctly and quietly for the purposes of practice? The general musician, who may not perhaps be anything more than a mere tinkerer on the instrument, wants a piano or else he gets ideas as to the contents of new scores, new compositions, new songs? There are a few gifted beings, it is true, who can simply imagine the notes of a score or piece mentally hear the music as it would sound when properly played or sung, and these few could perhaps dispense with a piano, but even they, if they intend to audibly reproduce the sounds, no instrument can approach the pianoforte for general utility in musical work. Its extended compass and its capacity for reproducing harmony, melody, and even polyphonic music, make it more valuable to the musician than any mere solo instrument. Not a single fact can be adduced to indicate that the piano is waning in popularity, so that the piano-makers and the trade papers need not worry themselves this hot weather writing indignant articles and interviews to prove that the editor of the New York "Times" did not know what he was talking about.

Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, the popular baritone, although a Welshman himself, does not approve of the singing competitions of Wales. He denounces the Eisteddfod festivals in emphatic language. He says that all the meanest qualities of human nature are revealed when people compete for money prizes. Thus angry bickerings characterize Eisteddfod contests, and furious expressions of approval and disapproval tear audiences with passion while even when the functions are over the senseless arguments that appear in the public press are enough to make an honest Welshman blush for his fellows.

The Toronto Festival Chorus will commence rehearsing early in the season under the direction of Dr. Torrington. The works chosen for production are the "Messiah" and the "Elijah," so that amid the rush of new works the old standard oratorios will still have a hearing.

The "Daily Graphic" complains of the neglect of classic opera in England, which it says is now notorious. Mozart is known at Covent Garden only as the composer of "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro," while Beethoven makes his pitiful appearance with "Fidelio." Gluck, save for the occasional revivals of "Orfeo," is completely forgotten, but of all the classical composers Weber is the most notoriously and the most unjustly neglected. How long it is since a work of his has appeared upon the Covent Garden stage one would be sorry to say. Yet it is plain that this neglect is due far more to the apathy of managers than to the fact that Weber's music has in any way lost its power to charm. In Germany Weber is still a name to conjure with. At Dresden, for instance, a cycle of his works has just been performed with enormous success. It included "Der Freischütz," "Preciosa," "Euryanthe," "Die drei Pintos," and "Oberon." It cannot be said that the works of equal value, but "Euryanthe," despite a foolish libretto, contains so much fine music that a revival of it would hardly fail of success, while "Oberon" ought never to have been allowed to drop out of the repertory in the country (England) for which it was written. As for "Der Freischütz," it is as fresh and as popular today as it was written, and a great success awaits the London manager who has the energy and discrimination to revive it. I may add that so far as "Oberon" is concerned there is no record that an effective production of "Der Freischütz" has ever been given. The last performance many years ago by the Emma Jane Opera Company was very inadequate, while the scenic effects were ridiculous. Mme. Janouchowski, it may be remembered by old opera-goers, was the Agatha. "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," "Fidelio" and "Oberon" have certainly not been produced in this city for the past thirty-four years, and I am doubtful whether they have ever been presented!

The Henry Savage English Grand Opera Company, which is expected to give a production of "Parsifal" in Toronto, will give festivals in 65 different cities in the United States and Canada. The company will go right through to the Pacific during the coming season.

Mr. David Blapham, it is said, was one of the first of the American singers to realize the importance of careful and correct interpretation of the smaller masterpieces of the song-writers of Europe and to devote entire programmes to the works of individual composers. It was nearly ten years ago that he gave his first recital in London, choosing as the third of Robert Schumann upon which to present a complete afternoon of his ballads and dramatic lieder. This was followed with a Brahms concert, on the anniversary of his birth, May 7. Mr. Blapham was the first to give Brahms' song cycle, "Magelone," in its entirety in the United States; the first also to present the "Persian Garden," Strauss' setting of "Enoch Arden," and the first to give a hearing in America of the songs of the late Hugo Wolf, which he considers among the most wonderful songs ever written.

Madam Kirkby Lunn, who has been engaged by Henry W. Savage to create the role of Kundry in the first production of "Parsifal" in English, has

been a feature of the performances of the "Ring of the Nibelung," given at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in London this summer under the direction of Hans Richter. Madam Lunn sang the role of Erda in "Das Rheingold" and in "Siegfried," and was also heard as Ortrud in "Lohengrin," Brangäne in "Tristan and Isolde," and Amneris in "Aida." Madam Lunn was born in Manchester, England, and studied at the Royal College of Music in London, where she gained the national scholarship. In addition to being one of the leading concert and oratorio singers in England, she has also won success as an interpreter of Wagnerian roles at Covent Garden, London, and at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York. Madam Lunn has already sung the role of Kundry on the concert stage, and she will attend the performance of "Parsifal" in English this year to perfect herself in the part.

Miss Winnie E. Spence, soprano, has been appointed soloist at Owen Sound Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. B. Raynor, soprano, to a similar position at the First Presbyterian Church, Huron, Ohio. Both ladies are pupils of Mr. A. T. Cringan.

The New York "Evening Post," whose critic is a consistent detractor of Edward Elgar, says: "The conferring of knighthood on Edward Elgar will still further confirm the impression that he is at the head of British music. But he is not. There is more originality, more charm and genius, in Stanford's 'Shamus O'Brien' than in all of Elgar's works, and he has a thousand more like them. 'Shamus O'Brien' is one of the great operas of the nineteenth century. It ranks with 'Carmen' and 'Manru.' As day will come." As a citizen of the British dominions beyond the seas I am not going to grumble at Dr. Stanford being given by a United States critic so high a place in the ranks of composers. When "Shamus O'Brien" was produced in Toronto to miserable houses, I ventured the opinion that it was the best opera comique that had been written for many a long year. But I do not think that "its day will come," unless some one re-writes the libretto and imports to it more interest.

Mr. Edward Barton, who was singing at St. James's Church, Montreal, last Sunday, expects to return to Toronto by September, when he will resume his teaching.

London "Truth" says that operas on Biblical subjects are not wanted in the metropolis. Even when in accordance with the rules of the Lord Chamberlain's department operas are deprived of Biblical names, and the scenes are transferred elsewhere, they rarely or never succeed. The article goes on to say:

"Biblical operas, for some reason, almost always are dull. Take, for example, Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt,' which was given as 'Peter the Hermit' at the King's Theatre in 1822, and as 'Zorah' at Covent Garden in 1830, that is to say, before most of us can remember. But Dr. Cummings conducted it as an oratorio at the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts towards the end of their career, so that the present generation could then appreciate what a very dull dog Rossini's 'Moses' was. As far back as 1833, by the way, this work really was given as a 'sacred opera,' with scenes set in the desert, at Covent Garden, under the direction of Euphonia Lucy, but it was considered so monotonous that additional from Handel's 'Israel in Egypt' had to be interpolated to interest it. Take, again, Gounod's 'Queen of Sheba,' which Farnie brought out in English form, under the title of 'Irene,' at the Crystal Palace forty years ago. In its original French guise it comes to visit Solomon, but instead falls in love with one of his workmen named Adramit. That industrial worthy is killed by three brother workmen, and a 'picket' strike of a sort of early Jewish strike (at any rate, it was upon a question of wages), whereupon the Queen of Sheba suspects the wisest of kings of the major crime of jealousy, and the least offence of murder. Then there was Verdi's 'Nabuccodonosor,' or, as we in London had it, 'Nino.' The frequenters of Her Majesty's in 1846 laughed at the king, while even Parisians were greatly amused at the extravagant employment of trombones, ophicleides, trumpets and cornets a pistons, and, in fact, of a battery of brass in the scene in which the king set up the image in the plain of Dura. Saint-Saens' 'Samson et Delila,' Liszt's 'Christus,' Rubinstein's 'Paradise Lost,' the first scene in which the stage is filled with the names, namely, Paradise with all the angels of Heaven, secondly hell, with its legions of demons, and thirdly, earth, with 'all the inhabitants thereof.' Even Sir A. H. H. Harris, in his production of 'Parsifal,' which in parts, at any rate, is sacred opera, we know only in the concert room, while Goldmark's 'Queen of Sheba,' 'Moses,' and 'Jephtha,' are sacred operas of the old and new repertory untravellers amateurs do not know at all. Some people—a decided minority, however—would overrule the censor's objection to the use of sacred names and scenes in opera. Logically, no doubt, the assumption in oratorio of the characters of the most sacred personages in history by robust tenors in evening dress, or by strong, portly men in decolleté costume, may be equally indefensible. Indeed, it was officially considered so by the management of Exeter Hall, who some years ago resolved on this ground to prohibit the performance of oratorio in that building, although they freely permit secular concerts. But the vast majority of the public strongly uphold the judgment of successive Lord Chamberlains, and prefer Bible matters to be forbidden on the secular stage, if only because in opera they are apt to be cast into ridicule."

Mr. Sherlock, the well-known concert manager, writes as follows of Miss Ruby Penderith, pupil of Nora Kathleen Jackson: "A short time ago I had the pleasure of hearing Miss Penderith sing a varied group of songs, and I enjoyed it exceedingly. Her voice is contralto, of excellent quality, ample in volume and range, while her interpretation and expression are intelligent and artistic. As she enters upon her professional career I heartily commend her good work, and wish her great success."

Miss Annie Allison Maxwell, who assumes next autumn the position of vice-principal in the Conservatory School of Literature and Expression, of which Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter is principal, is a graduate of Mount Allison University, and was a teacher in Mount Allison Ladies' College before becoming lady principal of the Methodist College in St. John. Miss Maxwell has just taken the degree of M.A. at Cornell University, where she has been studying under Professor Hiram Corson.

## Our New Historical Novel.

(For the honor of the Czar.)

### CHAPTER I.

THE city of Kinchow nestled snugly in a secluded vale between two tall, towering hills, one on either side. This lengthy explanation is necessary in order that the reader may clearly comprehend the thrilling events that are to follow. On a sultry June morning two horsemen left the village and cantered northward. The steeds, both to remain behind, also ran. One of the riders, a man of majestic stature, would have attracted attention anywhere, even in Kinchow. His high brow and massive features lent an air of dignity to his bronzed face, and he would surely have passed for a person of rank had he not paused at frequent intervals to wipe his nose on his saddle-horn. His comrade, a slender youth of perhaps seventeen, rode like a centaur, his clear-cut features and the haughty curl of his lip revealing plainly his high social status.

"Ivan," said the elder, "we have many a league before us." "Aye," was the thoughtful reply, "and I am told that in America are also many leagues—the National, the American, the Epworth and sundry bush organizations." The old scout, dreamily trimming his nails with his sabre, made no further comment, and they rode on in silence. It was intensely hot. The arid Korean plains lay gasping before them, and the distant hills were almost hidden from sight by the wavering waves of torrid ozone that waved before their tired eyes. Not a breath of air came to cool the parched lips, and the sun, on the horizon like spectral series, were as motionless as the tongue of Parker.

"Ivan," finally remarked the veteran, "thou hast a fine sword." "She is that," was the young lieutenant's answer. "Two years ago I backed her in the Derby at Moscow. She was in the winner's list at 100 to 1. That night—the night after the Derby—I walked home!" The pair passed a camp of Cossacks, who were chanting one of the war songs that had endured some years before, through the dreary stretches of the Balkans: "Merrily we hike along, hike along. On the dread retreat! Good-by, foemen, Good-by, foemen, Good-by, foemen, You'll never catch us now!" "How inspiring!" muttered Vladimir, the old trooper. "Who was it that said, 'I can make my sword a nation's law if I can make its song?'"

"I don't know for sure," replied Ivan; "I think it was a fellow at Kishenev named Harris."

Again the veteran glanced at the noble mare his companion was riding. "A splendid steed," he declared. "Yes," said Ivan, "I think the world of her." "How old is she?" queried Vladimir. "Milwaukee 'Sentinel'."

Special Train From Jackson's Point. Tuesday, August 2nd, instead of 1st.

Special train from Jackson's Point to Toronto will be cancelled Monday, August 1, and will run on Tuesday, August 2, leaving Point at 8:30 a.m., arriving Toronto 10:20 a.m. Special train will leave Toronto as usual at 1:45 p.m. Saturday. Tickets and information at Grand Trunk City office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

### Visitors.

SCENE: Office of Great Magnate, Mahogany furnishings. Solid gold gratings. Army of clerks in distance. Hum of Exchange near. Clerk (entering)—Lady outside to see you, sir. Great Magnate—Her card? Ah, yes. Mr. Wilks, wife of my dear old friend. Tell her I'm out. "She knows you are in." "Tell her I'm busy." "She insists upon seeing you. She says you have robbed her of all she had." "Um! Ah! In that case, do the usual thing. Tell her to see my attorney, or if she makes a scene, show her the door." "Very good, sir." (Goes out and comes back in a few moments.) "Tell her to see you, sir." "Card?" Oh, yes. Colonel Culpepper, former president of the X. Y. Z. Line. Tell him I'm out. "He knows you are in." "Tell him to see my attorney." "He insists upon seeing you. He says you bought his road, reorganized it, issued a large amount of stock, dumped it on the public, and dished him in the bargain." "That's no news. Usual thing. Tell him to consult my attorney. Put him out if necessary." "Very good, sir." (Goes out and comes back.) "Man to see you, sir. Clergyman." "Card?" "Here, sir. Rev. Mr. Spicer." "Ah! My own dear pastor. I certainly haven't robbed him. Show him in. And say."

"You see that cabinet drawer—that one to the right?" "Yes, sir."

"Open it and get my checkbook. I must have a few of that money to square myself." "Life."

### Exonerated.

An automobile met its fate in a smash-up. When it knocked at the Pearly Gates, St. Peter bade it halt. "But I killed my neighbor," said the driver, "with many crimes."

"I can answer the charges," replied the automobile. "You were injured six people."

"They were women, who run huckle around the streets, causing heart disease in the onlookers."

"You have frightened many horses."

"Elijah's chariot would have done the same."

"You have left a trail of bad smells behind."

"I lived in a city where the streets are always dug up, and I did it in self-defence."

"You have made a great deal of noise."

"That was necessary to drown the slushy conversation of my occupants."

"You killed two innocent people in this last smash-up."

"But I killed my neighbor as well."

"The Pearly Gates swung open, and the automobile entered to receive its gasoline halo—Clement Scott."

### Two Standpoints.

"Women think so differently," he said, "I can never make you understand."

"Try!" she replied. "Well," he began, "all the time, every day, every hour, every minute,

I have loved you, only you, best of all the world."

"Yes?" she queried encouragingly. "But you were not there, and so, when I was sad, one there was who diverted me, and I was grateful to her; when I was tired, one sang to me, and I loved her music; when I was lonely, another gave me her heart, and it cheered me—oh, he broke off wearily passing his hand across his brow. "I can never make you understand how all the time, through and above and beyond all else, I loved only you."

"You are wrong," she replied. "I do understand."

He looked up quickly and, leaning forward, grasped both her hands. "Yes," she continued, "I understand because I, too, have been diverted and cheered and loved—"

"Good-bye," he said hoarsely, lifted her fingers to his lips and turned away. "But," she cried out, "through it all I have loved only—"

But he was gone—Dixie Wolcott.

"So Silas was charged with havin' seven wives. Was th' Judge severe on him?" "Awful! He discharged him with all seven of his wives waitin' fer him in th' corridor."

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The United Arts & Crafts beg to announce that a booklet has been compiled which should prove of great assistance to those about furnishing. It gives valuable hints on Furniture, Carpets and Wall Hangings and will be ready for mailing towards the end of August. Those interested in Art applied to house decoration will on request have their names entered on the list for copy of same.

Respectfully,

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## The Decay of Family Life.

FAMILY life, such as our mothers and fathers knew, is rapidly decaying under the influence of modern conditions. There seems to be a communistic tendency in the times. When a young couple marry nowadays they seldom have a thought of founding a home in the old-fashioned and lovely sense; that is, a house by themselves, where they may be independent of neighbors and may rear children—plenty of them—without let or hindrance. They either go boarding or take up residence in a more or less pretentious apartment house, where they sleep on a folding-bed, cook on a gas-stove and do light housekeeping with the aid of a feather duster.

Many bad results flow from the communistic mode of living which is now the fashion. The cramped quarters are a deterrent on productivity. Boarding-house and apartment-house families do not have families, or have only one or at the very most two children, and those sickly and spoiled. Children reared in hotels and boarding-houses are usually pert and ill-mannered, old beyond their years and not pleasant company for sensible persons. Their clinging up is artificial like that of flowers in a hothouse or kine in a stable.

There is an indescribable but very real charm about an old-fashioned home where the mother and father are surrounded by their boys and girls, where there is no card of printed rules for tenants, where the head of the family is a king, sovereign in his own right and doing no obeisance either to vinegary landlady or domineering janitor. It is pleasant to see the children rising, like steps of stairs, from the baby to the adolescent girl or boy who is just finishing school and thinking of the future. Children are trouble enough, but in a thousand ways, known only to parents, they repay all the trouble, cynical bachelors sneer sometimes at the father of a dozen children, but in their secret hearts they envy him. He is living the natural life, he is obeying

true instincts, he is enjoying the simplest yet the sweetest pleasures that nature provides. And, as the years pass, and the children in the course of events depart from the parental abode to make their way in the world, the memory of their childhood home remains with them, a fond recollection, scenting the past with a sweet and subtle perfume, as lavender scents a trunkful of treasured laces and linens. A home is necessary to give a boy or a girl a right start in life. It supplies associations that are of the first importance in the development of character. It is as integral a part of a sound educational system as the grammar school. It is the best of kindergartens for home training, which teaches the boys to do errands and chores and the girls to help in the housework, and lays the foundation of a practical, self-reliant character.

## Blamed the Angels.

George is four years old and has just arrived at the dignity of his first knickerbockers—with suspenders, just like papa wears. They were the pride of his heart, and at night he would take them off his trousers and clasp them tight in his arms when he went to bed. His mother found them there the other night, and as they seemed to be making the little chap uncomfortable, she took them away and laid them on a chair by his bed.

The next morning he had a long interview with his mother.

"Didn't you tell me, mamma," he said, "that angels watched everything I did?"

"Yes, George."

"Are they watching me when I sleep?"

"Yes, my son, they watch over you always, whatever you are doing."

"Do they come right in my room at night?"

"Yes, dear, the good angels are everywhere, always."

"Then," said George, meditatively, "I bet they've been monkeyin' with my suspenders."

## Perpetual Motion.

The London "Daily Telegraph" has this to say of the American woman: "A state of perfect quiescence would be to the American woman of to-day an exquisite inferno. She is the chief exponent of that spirit which counts change and haste as progress. She is her appropriate equipage. She reveals in new clothes, new places of residence, new forms of entertainment, and—thanks to the complaint divorce courts—new husbands. To settle down to a quiet life is to her the one undurable horror of existence. She loves cities and detests the country, save when she can carry to her rural retreat diversions and companionship as exhilarating as those that the city affords."



## SOCIETY.

The marriage of Miss Allie Dee Lawrence, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Dresden, to Mr. David J. Ladd of Ottawa, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ladd, Cardigan, Wales, was quietly solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents at high noon, on Saturday, July 23. The service was conducted by the Rev. Norman Lindsay, B.A., of the Presbyterian Church, Dresden, in the presence of only the immediate relatives and friends. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Ladd left for their home in Ottawa.

Miss Graham of 82 Madison avenue is visiting Mrs. T. Vardon, Galt.

Miss Olive Scholey, vocal pupil of Miss Lillian Kirby, passed with first-class honors at the recent examinations at the Toronto College of Music.

A quiet wedding took place at 60 Brookfield street at 2.30 on Wednesday afternoon, when some of the immediate relatives gathered to witness the marriage of Miss Clara, the youngest daughter of Mrs. M. Cassidy, to C. McLean Fraser, principal of the High School in Nelson, B.C. Rev. H. A. Macpherson of Chalmers Church performed the ceremony. The bride, who was unattended, was becomingly attired in cream crepe de Chine, trimmed with rose point and chiffon. The going-away gown was of Louisiane shepherd's plaid, trimmed with green, with hat to match. After a dainty wedding breakfast the newly-wedded pair left on the 5.20 train for Victoria, B.C. On their return, after spending a few days with friends in Western Ontario, they will proceed by the Great Lakes and main line C. P. R. to their home in Nelson.

Among the recent guests at the Minnicoganashene, near Penetang, are: Mrs. E. Morris, Miss Kathleen Jones, Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, Mr. Playter, Mr. Charles H. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Parkyn Murray, Miss K. Murray, Miss Gunther, Miss E. S. McMuray, Miss G. Jephcott, Miss Elsie V. Helliwell, Miss Ida E. Miller, Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson, Master Alex and Miss Marion Gibson, Mrs. J. B. Magurn, Mrs. Humphrey Angus, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Alexander, Mr. Walter Miller, Mr. George P. MacAry, Mr. J. Short McMaster, Mrs. Fenton Arntson, Mrs. A. R. McMaster of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Rathbone of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tappan, Mr. Paul Tappan, Master Hubert Tappan, Master Alan and Miss Lois Tappan of Mansfield, Ohio, Mr. Harold R. Chas. of Montreal, Judge and Mrs. George B. Adams of New York.

The dance at Ferndale House, Lake Rosseau, on Saturday evening, July 23, without doubt was one of the jolliest ever held in Muskoka. The appropriate name of this beautiful spot was artistically brought to the fore by the necessary number of men, who were in every available spot throughout the house. Amongst the feathered green the effect of deep crimson sumach and bright red berries lit up by the glow of many Chinese lanterns, converted hall, verandah and cozy corners into midsummer fairy bowers. Stiff breezes and threatening clouds failed on this occasion to discourage guests from neighboring islands, and between the hours of eight and nine the arrival on the verandah of pretty girls and quite the necessary number of men, was as bright a scene as can be imagined. The large dining-room was used for dancing; splendid music was contributed by guests of the house. Supper was served at eleven o'clock, and until nearly the hour of twelve dancing was kept up with whole-hearted enjoyment. Thanks are due Mrs. Penison, who so kindly gave free hold to her guests, in carrying out what was proclaimed by all a delightful and successful affair.

A Grimsby Park correspondent writes: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lazier and their small son are at home in Mr. S. F. Lazier's cottage for the month of August. Mrs. Harry Jones of Brantford has returned to the Park for another season, bringing with her Miss Edna Jones of Toronto. Mrs. William Briggs of Toronto has been a guest at Lakeview for the week. Mrs. Charlie Langley and child are at Blyth Brae. Miss Grace White of Woodstock is with Mrs. Langley. Miss M. L. Bollert of Alma College, St. Thomas, has been the guest of Miss Chown at Westboro.

Those registered at the Lakeview, Grimsby, during the week are: Mr. J. W. Bengough, Mr. R. P. Lynd and Miss Lynd, Mrs. G. E. Bradshaw, Miss Flo and Master Edwin Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. P. Rutherford, Miss Margaret McCoy and Mr. T. E. Davis of Toronto, Mrs. J. G. and Miss Gossell of Jersey City, N.J., Mrs. Thomley.

## Remained Just as Ugly.

She is a Woman's College sophomore, and was returning from a visit to New Haven and transferring by street car from the station in New York. She took the only available seat in the car, and just opposite two young men. Suddenly there entered a ladylike plainly-gowned girl. "Why don't you offer her your place?" said the first man, nudging his companion. "She is too ugly," responded the other in a low voice, but the wind carried his remark to the sophomore, and she looked quickly to see if it had reached the other girl. Apparently it had not. That young person was willing to a strap in total unconsciousness that she was a subject for unfavorable criticism.

At the next corner a festive maiden, elaborately costumed, entered, and the first man bounded from his seat, which the newcomer graciously accepted. This left the second man at something of a disadvantage. He also arose and proffered his place to the girl who had first entered the car. She surveyed him coldly.

"Thank you, no," she said in a clear voice. "I am still just as ugly as I was a few minutes ago." And the Baltimore girl lounged to embrace her and give the college yell at the top of her youthful lungs.—Baltimore "Sun."

Agnes—Arthur, I smell liquor on your breath. Arthur—That's just like you, Agnes. What you ought to smell is mint.

## Mrs. Gordon Wright and Mrs. Ash-

plant of London, Mrs. Frances Graham of Lockport, Mr. E. C. Sherwood of Paterson, N.J., Mr. J. F. Harrison of Kingston, Mr. W. B. Preston of Brantford, Mr. H. Macklem of Welland, Mrs. M. Thomsberger of Jordan, Miss Ruby Cowie of Barrie, Mr. Charles Deacon of Port Colborne and Miss Jessie Irving of Hamilton. At the Park House have been Miss M. Kilgour of Cincinnati, Mrs. W. G. Murray and children of Herkimer, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. T. H. Ross and daughter, Mr. C. E. Fice, Mr. and Mrs. C. Henry MacDonald, Mrs. H. Gray, Messrs. F. J. Brimer, S. F. Hayes, J. Harris and J. Beemer, Mr. and Mrs. E. Puddy, Mrs. N. Whitehouse and Miss Natalie Whitehouse, Miss Fanny P. Bagby, Messrs. H. W. McCurdy, W. D. Corson, E. W. Platt, E. B. Milne, F. H. Ross, Charles W. Howard, Mrs. R. Hamilton Scott and daughter, Miss J. A. Ross, the Misses Peake, Mr. Forsay Page of Toronto, Misses H. Ethel Tovell, Mabel B. Wilkins, Emma J. Taylor, Vivian Montgomery and Beatrice B. Smith of Galt, Captain and Mrs. Kean of Scarborough, Rev. I. Baker of Meaford, Mrs. J. K. Fairbairn of Weston, Mrs. J. Goulding of Toronto, and Mrs. C. A. Goulding of Vinemount, William Honsberger and R. Shupe of St. Thomas, Mrs. Douglas Thomson of Woodstock, Mrs. Edward Axton of Paris, Miss Ethel Wheeler of New York, Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Mackay of Woodstock, Mr. A. E. and Miss Howard of Hagersville, Miss C. Whitehouse of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson sailed for England July 15.

Dr. Trotter of Bloor street west will spend the next three or four weeks with his family at Simcoe Lodge, Athol, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Clifford Marshall of Balmy Beach have gone to Port Sandfield, Muskoka, for three weeks.

Captain William H. and Mrs. Thurston of Sunbury, Pa. are visiting at the home of their son, Mr. J. C. Thurston, 292 Manning avenue, Mr. Thurston was captain of Rickett's famous Battery "F" Light Artillery, in the Rebellion between the North and South. He fought in General Grant's army from the battle of Bull's Run in 1861 until the battle of Appomattox, when General Lee surrendered in 1865.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Yale Massey are the guests of Mrs. Hart of Huntsville, Muskoka. Mrs. Massey's health is improving.

Mrs. A. T. Cringan and family have gone to their summer cottage at Windermere, Muskoka.

Mrs. R. F. Stupart and family left on Saturday for the seaside and will spend the remainder of the summer on the island of Grand Manan, New Brunswick.

Principal and Mrs. Manley have gone to their island in Lake Rosseau for their vacation.

Mr. E. W. Sandys, whose third sporting book, "Sportsman Joe," is ready for its appearance from the Macmillan press, New York, is spending some time in Toronto, where he met last week, "Trapper Jim," the forerunner of "Sportsman Joe," delighted the boys, and was by a keen critic called "the best sporting book for boys ever written." The new volume will appeal to larger groups, and will doubtless be equally popular.

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THE MINNICOGANASHENE HOTEL, beautifully situated, luxuriously equipped, offers a marked reduction in the usual table of rates owing to the lateness of the season this year. Good fishing, boating and a fine sandy beach for bathing.

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and be cured of  
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Boating. Bathing. Orchestra.  
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New Casino, New Golf Links  
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## UNITARIAN CHURCH

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., Minister.  
Church closed for vacation. Services resumed the first Sunday in September.  
Mr. Sunderland's sermons and books may be obtained at Vannevar's, 438 Yonge St. For Unitarian pamphlets and other literature, free, apply to Mrs. E. D. Thompson, 328 Jarvis street.

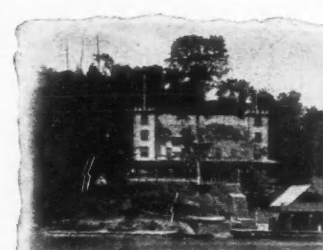
## The Mackinaw Trip.

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Full information at G. T. R. ticket office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

## A Manchurian Epitaph.

Here lies the body of Ivan Retzoffzinsky, who was killed by the Japs and has been dead ever since.



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Parry Sound. Moon River.  
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GEORGIAN BAY HOTEL CO.,  
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## HOTEL BRANT

Burlington.  
\$4.50 from Saturday until Monday after breakfast. Coach meets Toronto boats on Saturday also trolley connections. In order to popularize the New Hotel and Annexes we are making the following rates:

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FORT STEVEN, MUSKOKA.  
BEAUTIFUL SCENERY  
FINE BEACH EXCELLENT FISHING  
Terms Five dollars per week.  
For further particulars apply to  
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Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.  
Windermere House stands on a fine elevation overlooking Lake Rosseau. It has 250 feet frontage, having been enlarged this year. Wide double verandas surround the house. Large airy rooms. Wide halls. Lit by acetylene gas. Modern sanitary arrangements. Excellent tennis court. New amusement hall. Fine sandy beach for bathing. Rates—\$10 to \$12 dollars per week. Address THOMAS AITKEN, Proprietor, as above for further details.



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For Sale at leading Drug Stores and first-class Hotels and Cafes.

### A Jail and A Jail-Building.

ONE of the features of the California exhibit at the St. Louis Fair is the exact reproduction of the first jail erected in the State, or upon the Pacific coast. The building is of rude design and is built of cobble-stone set in adobe mud. It stands at Old Town, as Old San Diego is now called, and is in a very good state of preservation to-day, after standing more than a century and a quarter. An interesting incident connected with the jail is the fact that its builder was the first prisoner to be confined in the institution. He was also the first—though by no means the last—to break through the walls to premature freedom.

The contractor received \$5,000 for constructing the rude affair, a sum, even in those days of high prices, seemingly entirely out of proportion to the article furnished. Upon receiving the money he proceeded to celebrate the completion of the job by getting drunk and raising an unusual disturbance. He was arrested, brought before the justice and was sentenced to a period of confinement in the bastille of his own construction.

Having built the jail the prisoner knew its peculiarities, and, therefore, when the judge entered a drinking resort for a little stimulant at the close of his day's officiating, the first person he met was the jail-builder, whom he had so recently sentenced to retirement from San Diego society.

"Why, Bill, how is this?" exclaimed the astonished magistrate. "I thought you were in jail!"

"Oh! stop your foolishness," cried Bill, "and come and have a drink."

Tradition says that the judge accepted the invitation and that Bill did not return to his cell. He stated, however, that the judge was ordered to be released and that the escaped prisoner received an additional fee from the county for fixing the hole he had made in securing his freedom. "Four Track News."

### What the Diver Saw.

The "Moskovskii Lestak" contains a curious legend contributed by a correspondent who heard it in the village of Taitan.

The story purports to be the experience of a diver who went down to the bottom of the sea to inspect the sunken "Petropavlovsk." He saw Admiral Makarov and his officers and sailors all standing on the deck of the ill-fated battleship, together with Father Alexis, the priest, who went down with her. They were singing and praying for the czar, crying, "Lord, have mercy upon Thy people." Then they all vanished and the diver was left alone with Father Alexis, who drew nearer to him and said:

"Go back to daylight. Be silent for three days and three nights, and then tell everything you have seen and heard. Tell them that we are praying

in the wilderness of the ocean. The Lord will hear our prayers and give strength to our czar. Then the "Petropavlovsk," battered and crippled, will rise from the bed of the sea with us all, and Admiral Makarov will hold a review of his fleet and command it to go to the Japanese capital to dictate peace to the vanquished foe. And the whole fleet will sail past the "Petropavlovsk" with music, "God Save our Czar." Then, when the fleet has passed, the "Petropavlovsk" will sink again slowly, slowly, with all of us, into the depths of the sea—this time for all eternal ages."—London "Chronicle."

### The Mission of the Daily.

"The mission of a powerful metropolitan daily, as I see it," said the Great Editor, "is to educate and uplift humanity."

"Sure!" said the Great Editor. "To educate and improve the masses; to go into thousands of humble homes with messages of blessing."

"You're dead right," said the Great Editor.

"To enlighten those who need enlightening; to serve as eyes for the morally blind and ears for the intellectually deaf; to exert a healthful influence on the body politic and raise citizenship to the proud summit on which it should stand."

"You're next to the biz," said the Great Editor. "What is it, Marks?"

"Here's the schedule for to-morrow," the city editor, who had just entered the room, replied.

"All right, all right. I'll look it over." Slowly and thoughtfully the Great Editor read the schedule as follows:

Pro. 13 columns  
Mysterious Murder. 7 columns  
Beautiful Woman Elopes 4 1-2 columns  
Sensational Divorce. 11-2 columns  
Proceedings Educational Association. 1-2 columns  
Society Events. 1 column  
Methodist Educational Conference. 3 inches

"It's all right, Marks," said the Great Editor. "It's all right. Of course you understand that if anything presses you can cut down on that conference, S'long!"

"As you were so justly and wisely remarking, sir, when we were interrupted, the mission of a metropolitan daily is to educate and uplift hum—Oh! gone, hey? Wonder what was his hurry?"

For the solemn visitor had sort of faded away while the Great Editor read the schedule for to-morrow's paper.—A. J. W.

### Graft Defined.

"What is your definition of 'graft'?" said the inquisitive person.

"Graft," answered Senator Sorghum, "is made up of the perquisite that comes to some other fellow's office and to which you cannot lay any claim."—Washington "Star."



The bachelors of Beach avenue, Raimy Beach, were at home to their friends on Thursday of last week, and it was the unanimous opinion of all present that the event excelled anything of the kind previously given by them. The following are a few of the guests noticed during the evening: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thompson, Miss Sue Stark, Miss Allie Stark, Miss Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Marlin, E. N. Gausalus, United States Consul, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Walsh, Mr. John Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Gledhill, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Daly, Messrs. Jimmie Cowper, John Forsman, Dan Harrington, William Argill, William Settler, William Thompson, William Lawrence, George Harman and Frank Buert, Mrs. R. O. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hunt, Miss E. Hill, Mrs. Marlin, Miss Mildred Van Tassel, Mr. R. A. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. G. McP. Ross, Mr. Jack Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Buckner, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Bouvier, Mr. C. Bouvier, Miss Kirby, Mr. J. D. Bailey, Mr. James Ross, Alderman George Oakley, Mr. A. Pudsey.

Mrs. Charles Johnston and her little daughter are spending some time at Thousand Islands.

A smart little snub was administered in my hearing the other day by a very innocent-looking girl. The girl and the man were tete-a-tete in a shady spot, when a fussy maiden who had just arrived, moved a sprightly descent upon them. "Now, I don't believe you remember me," she said archly, taking a seat beside the couple. "Come now, I don't believe you do really. I'm sure you can't tell me my name!" "I can," said the girl with a flash of her eye at the resolute man; "you are Made-moiselle De Trop."

A very charming Muskoka wedding took place at Hemlock Point, Lake Joseph, last week when Miss Ethel Beatrice Clark of Montreal and Mr. Fred W. Allison were married. Rev. T. W. Allison, B.D., of Stayner, brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. S. S. Bates, D.D., of Toronto, officiated. Mr. H. B. Clark gave away his daughter, who was attended by his sister as bridesmaid. Mr. J. W. Tibbs was best man. The wedding march was played by Miss Allison, sister of the groom. The house was beautifully decorated with roses, carnations, water-lilies and ferns, and the bridal couple left in a motor launch after the ceremony for a tour of the Northern Lakes. A number of relatives of the bride were at the wedding, including Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Clark of Aylmer, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Clark of Three Rivers, Mich., Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark of Winnipeg and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Johnson of Detroit.

Mrs. John Andrew Paterson and his family have removed from 51 Walmer road to 167 on the same pretty street. Mrs. Gregory, whose husband is the principal of the Ladies' Presbyterian College, is a sister of Mr. A. Paterson. She has had a most satisfactory career as principal of the Bradford Ladies' College, and her twin brother, Mr. David Paterson, has been for twenty-one years headmaster of Chatham Collegiate Institute.

Mrs. J. L. Scadding of Richmond, Virginia, visited her mother, Mrs. Gray, in Huron street.

Mrs. Warrington is visiting her mother on Lake Champlain. Captain and Mrs. Parkyn Murray returned last week from Minnecogamashene.

"Have I any engagement for to-morrow?" "I have none," said the lady. "I have none for any night or day until the first of September. I am living like a nun, enjoying my yearly August rest. I go nowhere but to church, do nothing but sleep, eat and drink and wear nothing but muslin. Don't expect me, for I shall not come to anybody's tea."

Toronto people who met Madame Nosse, the wife of the Japanese Consul-General at Ottawa, will be sorry to hear of her death on July 25, from an attack of appendicitis. Madame Nosse, who was visiting her daughter, Van Horne at Coven Haven, Madame Nosse and her husband have made many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Peleg Howland have gone to Georgian Bay for the vacation. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Carter are also there.

Miss Alleen Carveth, who was so ill last month at Go Home, Georgian Bay, is now quite convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Somerville and their two youngest children have been in London, where they did not forget some of their young Toronto friends at school there, among others Miss Jean Alexander of Port Arden, to whom Mrs. Somerville gave a very pleasant little outing. I believe Mrs. Somerville will leave her daughter at school in London. Miss Alexander will spend a few days in London, where her father will place her in September. Mr. Alexander goes across about the first of that month. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Alexander are passing the summer most enjoyably in town and taking short trips. Their son is in Muskoka for the summer.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and his family are enjoying a very quiet holiday on the Atlantic coast near Cape Elizabeth, and appreciate the seclusion of their chosen resort.

Miss Kirkpatrick of Closeburn is at Harmony Hall, the guest of Mrs. McMurrich in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Anderson of Cowan avenue have gone to Cedar Point, Muskoka, for a few weeks.

Mrs. J. S. Detwiler of Chanute, Kansas, with her little son, is in Toronto, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Donald C. Craig, of 139 Beverley street.

Mrs. C. H. Allward of 225 Seaton street leaves for Chiosa September 1st. She will be at home to her friends on Wednesdays during the month of August.

The annual regatta of the Muskoka Lakes Association will be held on Monday in Lake Rosseau on the noble stretch of water before the Royal Muskoka Hotel. Commodore S. F. McKinnon has his splendid new yacht ready, and will have a jolly party from Toronto, Montreal and elsewhere. A

crowd will, as usual, go up to-day, and I hear Muskoka is very full.

Mrs. Nolan of Henry street and Mrs. Barnard of Huron street are at Ingleside, Windermere, Muskoka.

Miss Mazo de la Roche, who has been the guest of Mrs. Robert Forbes at Laurie Island, Lake Joseph, returned to "The Studio" in Indian Road last Saturday.

Mrs. and Miss Hunt of Jarvis street have taken a trip by water to Duinun.

Miss Alice Harrison of New York is visiting friends in Willocks street.

Miss May D. Murphy is spending her holidays with friends at Charlotte, Michigan.

Mr. Sidney Bunting, Mrs. Johnston Taylor, Miss Gladys Taylor of Montreal, Mrs. Frank Robertson and children, and Mr. J. B. Cudlip of St. John, N.B., are visiting at Jackson's Point, the guests of Mrs. Sprout Smith.

Miss Drummond Buchanan has returned from Jackson's Point.

Miss Daisy Smallpiece of South Parkdale has left town on a visit to friends in Boston.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Penetanguishene are the following: Mrs. S. Lorie and three children, Miss Kane, Mrs. B. D. Lee, Miss Blanche Moriarty, Wayne A. Lee, Edwin Lee, Mrs. Thomas MacKay, Mrs. Joseph Turner, Dwight J. Turner, H. Lenz, H. C. Brown, Mrs. E. L. Bonnick, Miss Valda Bonnick, E. S. Singer, Mrs. George W. Gouinlock, Master Roper Gouinlock, W. S. Regur, wife and nephew, Miss May Patz, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wilson, Master Stuart Wilson, Master Douglas Wilson and maid, Master James Bicknell, Miss Lillian Secord, Miss Gladys Secord, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Secord, Mrs. E. M. Bilton, Mrs. Marion Bilton, George W. Gouinlock, Miss Laura Gouinlock, Master Robert Gouinlock, Norman C. Bilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Eckardt, Miss Helen Eckardt, Douglas Eckardt, J. H. O'Neill, R. W. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Lowenthal, Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Letter, Mrs. Saunders and nurse, Miss Myers, F. S. Orr, Charles A. Wall, Mrs. K. Orr, Boyden, Miss L. E. Orr, Mrs. C. E. Orr, Miss Nan Wall, James H. Orr of Michigan City, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Krum of Chicago, H. L. Krum of Chicago, Mrs. M. H. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mitchell, Mrs. Hattie Harrington, Mr. Harry Hildreth, Mr. and Mrs. Haman, Mrs. William F. Herman, Miss Katharine C. Herman, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Moffie, E. C. Crowther, Dr. and Mrs. D. P. Charles E. Whitman, Mr. C. E. Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Morris A. Sachs, Miss Cecile H. Sachs, Miss Edie Michie, Miss Annie Michie, Mrs. Florence Lowndes, Miss Edie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hampton, Jr., Mrs. E. H. Fitzhugh, Miss May Fitzhugh.

The Toronto College of Music opens its seventeenth season on Thursday, September 1. New calendar and syllabus on application.

Mr. P. J. McAvay, the well-known vocal teacher, is summing up in New York where he is studying with the celebrated John Howard. Mr. McAvay will resume his teaching in September.

### Her Secret Heart.

MISS LUCIA was thirty-nine, and that was middle-aged in Marysville, that said middle-aged town of New England, characterized by its indubitably middle-aged that she accepted the verdict without a question, and felt secretly ashamed of certain dark and springy curls that asserted themselves on occasion as obviously unsuited to her time of life. She was still straight and dark and slim, but she would have worn a cap if middle-aged expected caps. The quiet, gaunt family house was middle-aged, too. Poverty had cut down its resources and death and marriage had taken away its youth. Still now the only maid-servant in the house, the maid-servant for neither Miss Lucia nor Pierre could be said to make any.

Nine o'clock had struck, and Pierre, purring soundly, had opened his sleepy eyes to a good-night, cussing, and Miss Lucia still sat with her elbows on her knees, staring into the fire. There was not rebellion in her to-night, stronger even than the shame Marysville had taught her for the unreasonable vitality of her secret heart.

"An old fool is a pitiful spectacle," she said with her lips; but her eyes burned and she took the letter out of the front of her gown to read it for the twentieth time.

It would have seemed a commonplace little letter to anyone who did not live in Marysville, and who was not middle-aged. The writer was going to be in the town over Sunday, and hoped she remembered him and would let him come and talk about old times. He would call Sunday afternoon, and he would be very faithfully, Gilbert Adams.

If she remembered him! Miss Lucia could have told just what waltzes were played the last time they had danced together in the ballroom of the American drawing-room, dignified then instead of gaunt. It had been her last dance. Death and change had followed close upon it, and Gilbert Adams had gone down stairs for good and never to be seen again. The blue ink would have come back to her, she had found that she was middle-aged.

And he was coming to-morrow. He was in the same town with her now, perhaps even strolling about the quiet streets, moonlit under the elms. He would realize that she was no longer young, of course, and would not expect to find—She was glad she had not given out that way. The blue ink would have come back to her, she had found that she was middle-aged.

The light of rebellion deepened in her eyes and she glanced over her shoulder as though listening to a tempter. Suddenly she started up, and, lighting a candle, left the room. Pierre looked after her uneasily. She had not said good-night, or put out the lamp, or even closed the shutters of the long French windows.

Pierre sat up and stared in dignified surprise. Miss Lucia turned and bowed to him.

"Not a bad neck and arms for an old lady, Pierre!" she said. Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes began to look black instead of grey. She set the candle down, and lifting the blue skirt in her fingers, she held her right hand high, as though touching that of an imaginary partner, and stepped gracefully down to Pierre in the motions of first four forward and back, first four forward and bow.

"Ladies change, Pierre!" she said in an excited whisper. Her cheeks were scarlet now, and her feet began to move with new daring. "Chassez!" she commanded, and swept off aside with her face turned back to the partner who was not there; then she came flying down upon Pierre. "Swing the lady!" she laughed, and catching his forepaws, whirled him from his cushion.

"La, la, la, la, la," she sang—the waltz that had been the fashion fifteen years before, and danced recklessly about the room with the outraged cat, all the repressed, imprisoned life beating through her veins in sudden riotous freedom. Her cheeks were like fire and her hands were ice. She was young, young! And she was handsome, even in this queer old silk gown, and her steps were light, and her heart was as—

And then suddenly—perhaps the fire died down a little, perhaps it was the striking of the clock—the waltz broke off in the middle of a bar, and letting Pierre escape, she stood in the center of the room with her hands pressed to her cheeks. Then, throwing herself down by an old chair, she buried her face in her bare arms and cried out bitterly.

Pierre, forgiving, came and rubbed against her, and presently, with quick, sobbing breaths, she dried her cheeks, and, rising slowly to her feet, pushed back the chairs as usual, and closed the shutters of the long French windows. Pierre, shuddering into her skirts, looked out wisely into the dark, but Miss Lucia's eyes were now blind with tears.

She was very middle-aged, indeed, when Mr. Adams came the next day, but he did not seem at all dismayed. Something in his warm friendliness comforted her shamed and sore heart, till she relaxed and was more like the girl of fifteen years before than she could have believed, herself.

"What a lot we had to learn," he said with a long sigh of reminiscence. "I went away thinking I should find a world full of girls as nice as you, Lucia—whole streets of them in every town. But I never found one, not one—though it's only since the last year or so that I gave up hope!"

"And now I am a middle-aged woman," said Miss Lucia. "But Pierre looked up at her so significantly that she made an excuse of the sun, streaming in the French windows, to rise and move away for a moment. Mr. Adams exchanged a long, intelligent look with the cat and smiled to himself.

"You're not middle-aged—not in your secret heart, Lucia!" he said securely.

"But I ought to be!" she faltered. He followed her across the room and drew her in front of the tall mirror.

"You are as handsome as ever," he declared. "And you'd look as young if you'd let your hair curl, and change your black dress for—blue silk, for instance. My dear girl, what is it?" Lucia had suddenly buried her shamed face in her hands.

"I didn't mean to hurt you. You know you used to wear blue silk." He murmured innocently; but over her bent head he and the cat exchanged another long and intelligent look—Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

### Queer Things Found in the Mails.

The Post-Office Department's exhibit at the St. Louis Fair contains some curious things, but the collection taken from the dead-letter office in Washington is the most curious of all. It contains almost everything, from an alligator to a pocket-knife. There are several young alligators, rattlesnakes, scorpions, dolls, pistols, knives, brass knuckles, shoes, hats and all kinds of curios which were sent through the mails, but were never called for, and were held for postage and finally were buried in the dead-letter office.

### The English Viewpoint.

JUST how some Englishmen regard the recent news relative to the American Cup challenge is well shown in a semi-official comment in a recent issue of the "London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," which reads as follows: "It is with somewhat mixed feelings that one hears that Sir Thomas Layton, M.P., New York Yacht Club have settled their differences, and that Sir Thomas will now proceed to send a formal challenge through the Irish Yacht Club to which he belongs. We would all very willingly forget Lord Dunraven's opinion of American sportsmen if they would only let us do so, but the result of the Palma match last year, and the verdict of the American Rifle Association and its intention to return that trophy of victory to English keeping, are but proof that Americans do not like being counted in the public mind of either country of sharp practice. That they brought to this country two sets of rifles, and shot with the set that was the better, notwithstanding that it did not comply with the regulations, is a proof that friendly rivalry is sometimes conducted on the principle that every country is fair when on war, and that they would be regarded as truly love and war. Just now, international sport of another kind is the absorbing topic of yachtsmen. But the majority of boats and men do not race, or cruise, at Kiel with their Majesties; and that is the reason that the rest lament the decline of South Coast regattas, and the fact that the short English yachting season is suspended less than a month after it has opened, and will not reopen until the second week in July. The Emperor is well aware that the love of the sea is a necessary nursery to the German navy."

### Roosevelt's Day.

At 6 a.m. he shoots a bear; At 8 he shoots a restive horse; From 10 to 4 he takes the air; (He doesn't take it all of course); And then at 5 o'clock, maybe, Some colored man drops in to tea.

At intervals throughout the day He sprouts around the house, or if His residence is Oyster Bay, He races up and down the cliff; While seagulls scream about his legs, Or hasten home to hide their eggs.—Col. D. Streamer in Ex.

Wife—I'm sorry to see you come home in such a state as this, Charles. Husband—I knew you'd be sorry, Carrie, and that's why I told you not to sit up.

The Limit.  
Dodd—Stringer doesn't seem to take things seriously, does he?  
Todd—No, no! Why? I believe that fellow would even make a jest out of a musical comedy.—"Town Topics."

### Deodorize the Skin

Get rid of that unpleasant odor of perspiration by taking a Turkish Bath at Cook's. A Turkish Bath removes the decomposing tissue deposited on the skin by profuse perspiration in a way that no ordinary bath can accomplish. It cleanses the skin. Ladies' days Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9.30 to 12 a.m., closing at 2 p.m. Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during the day, or all night, including bed, \$1.00.

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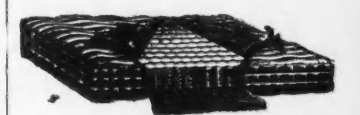
### Broken Lenses Replaced at Potter's

During your holidays at the lake-side or in the country you may easily break your spectacles or eye-glasses, or may even lose your glasses altogether—and you may for the moment forget the name and address of Potter.

These lines are printed to remind you that the house of Potter is doing business throughout the heated term and is ready to provide you the finest service whether you are at home or abroad. His Majesty's mails will quickly carry your packages to and from your present abode.

C. B. PETRY, Proprietor.

### The Marshall



### Sanitary Mattress.

Thousands of Delighted users testify as to its Comfortable, Healthy and Durable qualities.

It never sags. Get one and rest. See it at Simpson's.

Toronto. London. Chicago.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Bi ths  
Ball-July 26, Toronto, Mrs. George D. Ball, a daughter.  
Charlesworth-July 18, Medicine Hat, N. W. T., Mrs. Lionel Charlesworth, a daughter.  
Duncan-July 27, New York, Mrs. H. B. Duncan, a son.  
Humphries-July 25, Brantford, Mrs. Ernest A. Humphries, a daughter.  
Sellers-July 25, London, Canada, Mrs. George Clark Sellers, a son.  
Shepherd-July 25, Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Shepherd, a son.  
Vickers-July 18, Seattle, Wash., Mrs. James R. Vickers of Toronto, a daughter.

### Marriages

Atkinson-McMurry-On July 25th, 1904, at the residence of the bride's father, 66 Huron street, by the Rev. Dr. Wallace, assisted by Rev. C. O. Johnston, Dorla Louisa, eldest daughter of William J. McMurry, to George Douglas Atkinson of Toronto.  
Fraser-Cassidy-At 90 Brookfield street, Toronto, on Wednesday, July 27th, 1904, C. McLean Fraser of Nelson, B.C., to Clara A. Cassidy of Toronto, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson of Chalmers' Church.  
Sutton-Palmer-On Wednesday, July 26th, 1904, at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. Mr. Seager of St. Cyprian's, Toronto, Sherman F. Sutton to Grace Palmer, both of Toronto.  
McLean-Messmore-July 21, Moravia, N. Y., Winnifred Messmore to T. Walter McLean.  
Macy-Fletcher-July 20, Toronto, Florence Fletcher to Harry Murray.

### Deaths

Marlatt-In Simcoe, July 24th, Charles R. Marlatt, aged 60 years.  
Brooke-July 25, Toronto, Samuel T. Brooke, aged 53 years.  
Gillespie-July 23, Toronto, the Rev. John Gillespie, aged 62 years and 6 days.  
Graydon-July 4, Streetsville, Garnet L. Graydon, aged 23 years.  
Macintyre-July 23, Toronto, Elizabeth Theresa Macintyre, aged 25 years.  
M'Laughlin-July 12, Baffordville, Susan M'Laughlin, aged 75 years.  
Nelles-July 23, Guelph, John Ashworth Nelles, aged 62 years.  
Odel-July 26, Cobourg, Bessie Dewar Odel.  
Ollerhead-July 25, Toronto, Mary Ollerhead, aged 69 years.  
Page-July 25, Toronto, Mary A. Cooper Page, aged 51 years.  
Pascoe-July 25, Oakwood, Mrs. L. T. Pascoe, aged 56 years and 2 days.  
Patterson-July 24, Patterson, Vaughan Township, Peter Patterson, aged 79 years.  
Phillip-July 22, Grimby Park, Rev. J. Philip, D.D., aged 44 years.  
Phillips-Suddenly, July 23, at the Western Hospital, ex-Alderman Fred Phillips.  
Robertson-July 25, Toronto Junction, Robert James Robertson, aged 59 years.  
Swallow-July 23, New York, Ernest Swallow, aged 21 years.  
Snider-July 12 at the Little Quill Plains, Ashtabula, Mrs. Louisa Snider.  
Thompson-July 25, Meaford, Alexander Thompson, J.D., aged 75 years.  
Vickers-July 18, Seattle, Washington, Hannah Shaffer Vickers, of Toronto, aged 21 years.  
William-July 25, Sharon, Rodney William, aged 70 years.

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